THE

PROGRESSIVE

Karl E. Meyer **RADICAL FROM ARIZONA**

Milton Mayer **EICHMANN IN ISRAEL**

Hal Borland **NATURE'S RESURRECTION**

50 CENTS APRIL 1961

Office memo

ONE OF THE more hardy traditions identified with *The Progressive* is a springtime offer to subscribers of short-term, introductory subscriptions at exceptionally low cost. This year, we are happy to report, our spring offer includes an unusual bonus.

Last fall the University of Wisconsin Press published a new edition of one of the most remarkable political experiences ever written—the autobiography of Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., founder of *The Progressive*. By a special arrangement with the Press, we were able to secure enough copies at such a low cost that we can share this profoundly moving book with our readers. A free copy will be sent to every subscriber who enters three new subscriptions at the special price of $5.

The eminent historian, Allan Nevins, remarked in his spirited introduction to the new edition of *LaFollette's Autobiography*, "It is astonishing that this book should have been out of print for many years." In a New York *Times* review of the book, Eric Goldman said, "The *Autobiography* is remarkable not only for the facts it tells but as a human document. LaFollette was one of the most colorful politicians in American history . . . The essential qualities of the man are all in this blunt, belligerent, rousing autobiography."

We are genuinely delighted that we have the opportunity this spring to reward our subscribers who devote themselves so generously to broadening the circulation and the influence of *The Progressive*. It would be difficult to overemphasize the long-range value of these special introductory subscriptions, especially for our readers overseas.

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Frequently a reader comments that he has "run out" of people to whom he can send *The Progressive*. This is a problem easily solved. We have long lists of foreign friends who are eager to receive *The Progressive* but who either cannot afford it or run into currency exchange problems. Mainly, these are people in influential positions in their homelands—teachers, journalists, government officials, and the like. We know of them principally through our globe-trotting Editors and writers, who make a careful selection for us from among the people they personally meet in many lands. These writers all tell us that getting *The Progressive* to these people regularly is an invaluable aid to establishing world friendship and understanding.

You may select your own new readers or ask us to provide them. In either case, for each three subscriptions you enter, you will receive a free copy of LaFollette's exciting autobiography. We urge you to use the order form on the back covers today.

VOLUME 25 NUMBER 4

The

FOUNDED IN 1909 BY ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE, Sr.

APRIL, 1961

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The Progressive makes no attempt to exact complete conformity from its contributors, but rather welcomes a variety of opinions consistent with its general policies. Signed articles, therefore, do not necessarily represent the opinion of the management of the magazine.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and foreign—One year $5; Two years $9; Three years $12.

MANUSCRIPTS: The Progressive cannot assume responsibility for unsolicited articles and letters. None will be returned unless so requested and accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Printed in U.S.A.

PROGRESSIVE

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH
AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

The Neglected Frontier

by WILLIAM V. SHANNON

This guest editorial is adapted from a recent commentary by William V. Shannon, Washington correspondent and political columnist for the New York Post.

CIVIL LIBERTIES has been, so far, the most neglected sector of the New Frontier.

The Kennedy Administration inherited from the Truman and Eisenhower regimes a complex, oppressive body of laws, executive orders, regulations, and official attitudes in the so-called security area. Nothing would do more to restore the pure air of American freedom than to abolish the whole lot of them. But President Kennedy and his brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, have thus far touched nothing labeled "security." The outlook for reform is discouraging.

There is, first of all, the vast and useless security program for all government employes, from janitors to cabinet members. It was a mistake when President Truman started it by executive order in 1947. It was a worse mistake when Eisenhower broadened it with his executive order in 1953.

A case can reasonably be made for a security program covering a small number of policy-making officials in the State Department, Defense Department, and Atomic Energy Commission. Such officials are in genuinely sensitive national security areas. But there is no reason why there should be security programs for employes in such completely domestic agencies as Agriculture, Labor, and Interior.

Yet the new people coming into jobs in the Kennedy Administration are politely and circumspectly going through all the prescribed rigmarole. They are filling out—in quintuplicate, mind you—the same old FBI forms. The same coveys of naive security agents are going around asking the same silly questions. Does he drink? What magazines does he read? What clubs did he join in college? Does he give late parties?

Yet we never find any Communist spies this way. It is all a waste of time. It is inconceivable, the miles of filing cabinets that must be filled with this stuff. It is as if Twentieth Century surgeons had to kneel and say the abracadabra of jungle witch doctors when they did not believe a word of it and knew it would do no good.

Fitzpatrick in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 1953

As America Goes, So Goes the World

No one believes in the security program. It is a joke and a cynical racket. Like prohibition, it should be abolished for the health and sanity of the republic.

If the security program is to be retained, at least some elementary safeguards could be introduced into it. The Democratic platform of 1960 specifically pledged: "We shall provide a full and fair hearing, including confrontation of the accuser, to any person whose public or private employment or reputation is jeopardized by a loyalty or security proceeding."

This could be accomplished by executive order. No action by Congress is required. A re-reading of this platform by those now in high places in the government would do no harm.

Another step the President could take on his own is to right some of the injustices done to individuals by this program in the past. Former Senator Harry Cain, who was denied reappointment to the Subversive Activities Control Board by Eisenhower because of his courageous fight for mistreated government employes, could be brought back to office to search out these wrongs and correct them. Other officials could do the task just as well, but the choice of Cain would be both a personal act of justice to him and a happy piece of symbolism.

Yet even these are only halfway measures. Our civil liberties cannot be restored to their full vigor as long as J. Edgar Hoover remains as head of the FBI. The whole weight of his reputation, his Congressional connections, his newspaper allies, and his secret dossiers is thrown against any security reform, great or small. The House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Internal Security subcommittee could not function if it were not for the informa-

tion and support supplied by Hoover and the FBI. Hoover is the symbol and the source of much of the confusion in the public mind on security issues.

Unfortunately, Hoover was the first official reappointed by President Kennedy. While it is not quite reasonable to expect him to fire Hoover, one cannot escape the observation that few actions would have done President Kennedy more lasting honor.

The reappointment of General Joseph M. Swing as Chief of the Immigration and Naturalization Service is another sad development. This agency has treated both aliens and naturalized citizens in a most arbitrary, malicious, and inhumane manner. A thorough housecleaning is needed.

Yet Swing has been kept on because Representative Francis Walter, Pennsylvania Democrat, Chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee and co-author of the McCarran-Walter Act, wanted him, and the Administration wanted Walter's help in the Rules Committee fight. The deal was made. Walter came through with a ranting, embarrassing speech linking Republican opponents of the rules reform with Nikita Khrushchev and other national enemies.

Moreover, President Kennedy omitted any reference to immigration legislation in his State of the Union message.

The Rules Committee reform was probably worth the price of keeping Swing. But if the Democratic Party is to be true to itself, it must soon do something to protect the human rights and civil liberties of the refugee, the alien, the naturalized citizen, the government employe, and the isolated individual confronting the power of the state.

Hitler in New York (A Footnote)

Almost a year ago, when George Lincoln Rockwell, the self-styled leader of the "American Nazi Party," applied to the New York City Department of Parks for a permit to hold a "Nazi Rally" in Union Square on the Fourth of July, a wild storm of protest was unleashed. Feeling ran so high that when Rockwell appeared at a court hearing on the application he was mobbed and had to be rescued by police. Park Commissioner Newbold Morris, backed by Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., banned the meeting, and New York State Supreme Court Justice Henry Epstein upheld the park department's action.

But not all of those repelled by Rockwell's revolting anti-Semitism and fascist ideology thought his obnoxious doctrines were cause for denying him freedom to speak. The American Civil Liberties Union, with the editorial backing of the New York *Times*, *Post*, and *Journal-American*, appealed the gag on Rockwell. In the December issue of *The Progressive*, David McReynolds, in one of the more controversial articles of the past several months, presented a case for allowing Rockwell to speak. When the Appellate Division of the Court ruled recently, by a four to one margin, that the park department had no right to ban Rockwell from speaking, the wording of its opinion echoed to an impressive degree the arguments presented by McReynolds.

Civil liberty "is not a luxury," said McReynolds, "to be granted only to those close to the middle of the political road. It . . . must be extended to all men and all views . . . freedom for extremists is the price we pay for our own freedom . . . One cannot limit freedom and still retain it. When extremists are curbed then the whole range of debate is drastically narrowed."

Justice Charles D. Breitel, speaking for the majority, took the same view: "The unpopularity of views," went the opinion, in part, "their shocking quality, their obnoxiousness, and even their alarming impact is not enough [to ban their presentation] . . . Otherwise the preacher of any strange doctrine could be stopped; the anti-racist himself could be suppressed . . . [Rockwell's] right to speak may not be cut off, no matter how offensive his speech may be to others . . . Instead, his right, and that of those who wish to listen to him, must be protected, no matter how unpleasant the assignment."

McReynolds concluded his commentary on the Rockwell affair by expressing a hope "that when Hitler returns to New York he will be able to speak his piece in Union Square like any other crackpot. The Republic will survive—and be the stronger for the experience."

The decision of the Appellate Division and the melting of New York's snows may provide a fresh opportunity to test this thesis.

Segregation in the North (Cont'd.)

The monumental problem of segregation in public schools is slowly moving—although admittedly at an almost imperceptible pace—toward solution in the South, in those areas where segregation has been maintained by law. But even as the legal barriers to racial integration slowly topple, *de facto* school segregation is getting worse rather than improving in many of the larger cities of the North.

It is a deeply ingrained tradition in the United States that pupils of public schools usually attend the nearest school—the "neighborhood school" principle. But this principle only serves to work for segregation in the classroom when residential segregation is widely practiced, as it is in our Northern metropolises. New York City has attempted to solve the problem, with only modest success, by modifying the neighborhood school principle, transporting some children by bus to schools farther from their homes, and by other means. But New York's upper West Side has recently afforded a striking example of the stubborn, if quiet, resistance in the North to genuine integration in the schools.

A huge urban redevelopment project of about 4,500 apartments was divided roughly equally between privately sponsored homes for middle- and upper-income families and low-income, subsidized housing. The higher-cost housing was occupied almost exclusively by whites, seventy-five per cent of the low-income apartments by Negroes and Puerto Ricans. A new school, the Alfred E. Smith School (P.S. 163), was so situated as to serve the entire redevelopment.

But when the school opened, reported New York's School Superintendent Dr. John J. Theobald, the upper-income parents "sent only four children to P.S. 163, preferring to enroll their children in private and parochial schools." Several months later there were still only ten upper-income pupils in the school.

"After years of a steady exodus of white children to private and parochial schools," stated Dr. Theobald, "approximately one-third of all city children are now enrolled in such non-public institutions. In the last three years 53,683 children have left the city's elementary schools to attend private and parochial schools. Between 1950 and 1958 a total of 835,000 alien immigrants, Puerto Ricans, and Negroes from the South moved into the city . . . In the same period 1,285,000 persons, most of them white, left New York City."

The story is similar in Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Los Angeles—all the large industrial centers of the North. As non-whites, at the bottom of the social and income ladders, crowd into the older central cores of the cities, whites flee to the suburbs. Given enough time, the segregation problems of the South may gradually be solved by the exodus to the North, where educators are already trying to avert the stain of segregation in schools.

Six Courageous Congressmen

Lest anyone think that the spirit of McCarthyism died with the Senator who gave his name to a doctrine of hate and suspicion, let him look at the sorry record of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and the overwhelming vote of the House on March 1 giving it a new license—backed with $331,000—to pursue its inquisitions.

Herblock in The Washington Post

Operation Abolition

Under the chairmanship of Pennsylvania's Democrat Francis Walter, the Committee sank to a new low in recent months with its sanction of the notorious moving picture, *Operation Abolition*, which depicts a distorted and thoroughly discredited view of the San Francisco protests against the Committee at the time of its hearings there last spring. The movie, more than any single act of the Committee in recent years, has aroused nationwide controversy over the Committee's tactics and its very right to existence. But while the scandalously inaccurate picture brought into the open a strong show of opposition to the Committee, it also produced evidence of an even stronger element of approval for the Committee's witch-hunting activities. Hundreds of prints of *Operation Abolition* are in circulation, and there are few citizens who have not been or will not be exposed to it.

The House of Representatives got the message early. The overwhelming majority of its members interpreted the storm of opinion generated by the Committee as too dangerous, politically, to attempt to weather—even if they were so inclined. An Eastern Representative told a reporter, "I hate the damn Un-American Committee. My wife and I have talked for years about its abolition. But it's too dangerous politically for me to vote against it." Another said, "Perhaps I will vote my principles [against the Committee], but it will be political suicide."

Many other Congressmen are either strongly opposed to, or simply weary of, the Committee's shenanigans—although it should be emphasized they do not constitute a majority—but they are scared to death to say so. This is perhaps the most frightening aspect of the monster which the House has created: the House of Representatives cowering before its creature, quivering in fear.

There were six—only six—Congressmen who voted against the House resolution to grant the Un-American Activities Committee its requested appropriation. *The Progressive* welcomes the opportunity to commend these Representatives for their courage and conviction in the face of overwhelming odds, both in the vote on the resolution, which passed 412 to 6, with 14 not voting, and in the face of the danger to their political careers. They are all Democrats: James Roosevelt of California, who has led the fight against the Un-American Committee in the House; William F. Ryan of New York City, a promising freshman who successfully bucked the machine to win his seat; Edith Green of Oregon; Thomas L. Ashley of Ohio; Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin; and Barratt O'Hara of Illinois. May their number increase.

The Big Hand

In the length of time it takes a steadfast subscriber to read this issue of *The Progressive*, the United States Defense Department will have disposed of more than fifteen million dollars. During 1961, the cost of the national security program—including commitments for past, present, and future wars—will run well above $160 million each day, more than $300 a year for every man, woman, and child living in the United States.

In contrast, on behalf of each of our citizens, we are investing in all United Nations agencies and programs the princely sum of sixty-five cents. And in the vital area of disarmament, last year we spent one dollar for every $6,000 the Defense Department dropped on arms.

This is just a sampling of the

wealth of graphic facts and figures on the military compiled recently and presented in an attractive booklet by the Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 Second Street, N.E., Washington 2, D.C. Entitled "The Big Hand in Your Pocket," it is available from the Friends for twenty-five cents.

While other factors are of equal or greater importance, nevertheless the sheer cost of maintaining a huge military establishment has given the military a tightening stranglehold on our domestic economy, our foreign relations, and on our hopes for a world without war.

Ten per cent of the nation's labor force is dependent in whole or in part on military expenditures. Defense spending is such a huge factor in the economy that, in the words of Michigan's Senator Philip A. Hart, it "contains within it the capacity to produce both dislocation and prosperity, to bring about both labor surpluses and labor shortages, to foster both the growth and decline of all American enterprise."

The use of defense contracts to improve economic conditions in depressed areas not only gives the military a powerful voice in the direction of our domestic economy, but provides a built-in guarantee that arms production will not decline. The great volume of military and related expenditures—ten per cent of our gross national product—has made some areas of the country so dependent upon defense contracts that obsolete installations and weapons programs are frequently continued only because of the tremendous political pressures brought to bear on the Pentagon. Congressmen and governors vie with one another for more and bigger arms contracts. Military needs and judgments often take second place.

Inter-service rivalry is another factor in swelling the volume of weapons production, and the companies which hold contracts join freely in this competition. Boeing aircraft, ninety-nine per cent of whose sales of more than a billion dollars are to the defense department, ran a series of advertisements in magazines and newspapers promoting its Air Force-sponsored Bomarc missile in an effort to gain support in a battle over appropriations with the Army, which was pushing its Nike missile. At a suggestion of the Army's public information office, Western Electric and Douglas aircraft, producers of Nike, ran a competing series of advertisements in the same publications. The taxpayer, of course, paid the bill for both sides.

Still other findings of the Friends offer clear evidence of the power of the military:

¶ The Federal government is now supporting more than half the nation's research and development, much of which is under the direction of our universities. Eighty-four per cent of this investment is controlled by defense requirements, and there is growing concern among university administrators that the resulting heavy emphasis on the physical sciences is seriously unbalancing academic programs, weakening the social sciences and liberal arts, and depriving schools of freedom.

¶ Waste in defense procurement is monumental. Senator Paul Douglas estimates that two to three *billion* dollars could be saved each year simply by letting contracts on a competitive bid basis—a sum greater than the total amounts budgeted for highways, aviation, commerce, the postal service, and public housing. Eighty-seven per cent of defense contracts are awarded with no competition. The Defense Department is the only arm of the government with the power and the freedom from close supervision to get away with such profligacy year after year.

¶ Defense Department land holdings are greater than the combined area of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, and steadily growing. Property held by defense agencies is valued at $170 billion.

Mischievous Overseas Policy

Defense spending in terms of the relatively wealthy domestic economy is staggering enough, but when directed into some of the underdeveloped countries the effect becomes overpowering. More than half of the current two billion dollar overseas military aid is going to South Korea, Taiwan, and South Vietnam. According to the State Department, ". . . together these three countries maintain nearly a million and a half men under arms, or about sixty per cent of the armed strength of the United States or Communist China. But their collective population is only one-fourth that of the United States and less than one-tenth that of Communist China. Even more striking, their total annual income is only about one per cent of that of the United States."

Senator Frank Church of Idaho has sharply criticized the pouring of arms into the underdeveloped countries as "a mischievous policy. It is michievous because these military machines have a capability only of fighting one another. . . . We have fostered the development of forces . . . beyond the capacity of the impoverished economies of these lands to sustain them. . . ."

The military is not solely responsible, of course, for our foreign military aid policies. But the Pentagon represents probably the most powerful lobby in Washington, with an estimated personnel of four hundred assigned to putting pressure on Congress. More than one member of Congress has complained that foreign policy is made in the Pentagon as much as in the White House and State Department. This powerful lobby is strengthened by supporting pressures of hundreds of retired officers employed by the firms that produce arms under defense contracts.

The new Administration has held out little hope that there will be much change in the overall size of the military program. Current military expenditures total fifty-eight per cent of the Federal budget, and when veterans' services and interest on the largely war-created public debt are added, they account for fully seventy-seven per cent of government expenditures. There seems little hope, too, that new frontiers in social and economic areas will be pushed back very rapidly unless there is substantial abatement of the suicidal arms race.

Lest We Forget

Tokyo, Jan. 31 (Reuters)—An estimated 230,000 persons still suffer from radioactive diseases, ranging from burns and bleeding gums to leukemia and cancer, contracted as a result of the two atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki more than fifteen years ago, according to a report by the U.S. Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission.

Barry Goldwater: Radical of the Right

by KARL E. MEYER

THE LEADING radical in Washington today is a fifty-two-year-old businessman and licensed jet pilot who looks more like a handsome television commentator than a United States Senator. With the bounce and bravado of a Hotspur in battle, he is urging the drastic revision of practically every liberal measure enacted since 1932, and possibly since 1896.

Barry Morris Goldwater, the Republican Senator from Arizona, misleadingly calls himself a conservative. He is really nothing of the sort. The late Senator Robert A. Taft might have been called a conservative, but measured by Goldwater's standards, the Ohio Republican was tilted way over to port.

It is an odd phenomenon. While liberalism is the mood of the hour in the White House, the most arresting personality on Capitol Hill is this unreconstructed Old Frontiersman. His book, *Conscience of a Conservative,* was a surprise best-seller (150,000 copies in hard-cover; 500,000 in paperback). He is the most sought-after speaker in his Party, and on the college campus he is in close competition with bed-pushing as the fad of the moment. As many as 500 letters pour into his office every day, and when he debated an errant liberal (Senator Eugene McCarthy) on television, some 1,500 persons took the trouble to write him a note.

Although his aides prudently discount it, there is also talk about a Goldwater Presidential boom. The Senator seems half-serious about the idea. He has come up with a new slogan, "The Forgotten American," and news stories reflect a new concern with his image—a sure symptom of the Presidential virus. According to the New York *Times,* his will be a "popular conservative image." (The Senator shows no sign of being disheartened by the spoofing stickers on some Washington cars—"Goldwater in 1864.")

In some respects, it is not strange that Goldwater has caught the public fancy. Flamingly irrelevant as his ideas may seem, Senator Goldwater exhibits more dash and zeal in behalf of his convictions than do most of his counterparts on the liberal side of the aisle. In a housebroken and relatively tame Congress, the earnest Arizonan stands out as a relentless rebel—yes, as a radical.

Dare I suggest in the pages of *The Progressive* that possibly this is a good thing?

Let me try to make clear that I am not succumbing to sentimentalism in giving Barry Goldwater the credit to which I think he is due. Outside of Washington, the Senator's intellectual limitations are painfully evident; what does not come through as clearly is the stoutness and general decency of his character.

"He *really* believes all that stuff." The remark was made by a veteran Capitol reporter who has frequently written about the Senator. It is this quality of sincerity that sets the Senator apart from other conservatives in Congress. There is no shortage of politicians who express a glib public agreement, in varying degrees, with what Goldwater says. But the typical Congressional conservative is more like Charles A. Halleck of Indiana, the Republican Minority Leader of the House, a careerist cynic whose image is coated with oil. Or there are many members like Virginia's Howard W. Smith, the clever and courtly chairman of the House Rules Committee. Judge Smith is a conservative all right, but he does not like to submit his convictions to the test of reasoned debate. Instead, he wears his conservatism like a frock coat, and if you don't like it, he will smilingly invite you to look the other way.

KARL E. MEYER, editorial writer for the Washington Post, is now writing a book on contemporary politics.

With Barry Goldwater it is different. Like a college seminarian, he is fully prepared to set forth his views in the most explicit and clearly-formulated way. He is so wedded to the logic of his position that he paints himself into quixotic corners in the name of consistency. He *cares* about principles, and if his principles seem silly to such sophisticated folk as you and I, at least there is something to wrestle with besides the usual basket of eels that passes for conservative (and—too often—liberal) discourse.

Secondly, Senator Goldwater fights cleanly and has usually shown a scrupulous regard for the rules of the game. I say usually, because he transgressed in the case of his *bete noire,* Walter Reuther, whom he has variously called a "liar," and "more dangerous than the Sputniks or any-

thing Russia can do to us." But characteristically, Goldwater has made known his regrets for these extravagances. Unlike Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, for whom Goldwater expressed qualified praise, the Arizonan does not enjoy spattering mud through the *Congressional Record*, and he does not employ the calculated lie to ruin a reputation.

Thirdly, the Senator is known for his personal courtesy. When you ask people on Capitol Hill what they think of Barry Goldwater, the first words invariably are, "He's a nice fellow," followed by expressions of wonderment at his ideas. Typical of Goldwater's personal consideration was an incident in 1954, when he was angered by an article that a Washington newspaperman had written about the FBI. Before he attacked the journalist on the floor of the Senate, his office called up the offender to advise him that he was about to be upbraided by Goldwater and would he care to be present and to comment? Senators more often reserve such courtesies solely for each other.

Lastly, the Senator has a sense of humor. He can laugh when Hubert Humphrey twits him about signing a Hollywood contract—with 18th Century Fox. He enjoys telling the story of a visit to a snooty country club that barred Jewish members. The Senator asked if he could play nine holes of golf, since he was only half Jewish. It is difficult, I say, to dislike the man.

As to Barry Goldwater's convictions, the usual phrase is that they are either pre-Silurian or somewhere to the right of Charlemagne. This is not quite fair. Goldwater's beliefs date back only to the Nineteenth Century. In economics he is, if he will excuse the term, a liberal of the classic variety: he simply does not believe that the government should tinker in any way with the market economy. Thus the Senator sees the Constitution as a series of inhibitions *against* government rather than as an instrument of national power. Essentially, he concurs with the four doughty Justices of the Supreme Court who, in the 1930's, felt that nearly every New Deal measure was unconstitutional.

To enter the world of Barry Goldwater in the year 1961 is to move into a realm as strange and as exotically colored as the landscapes of his beloved Arizona which hang on his office walls. Questions which most Americans thought were settled a generation or more ago remain Burning Issues to the Senator. Take Federal programs to assist agriculture. To Goldwater, they are repugnant to the Constitution; he writes in *Conscience of a Conservative:* "No power over agriculture was given to any branch of the national government." And that settles that. Or consider Federal aid to education: ". . . any Federal aid program, however desirable it might appear, must be regarded as illegal until such time as the Constitution is amended."

The graduated Federal income tax raises a special problem because a constitutional amendment specifically permits this diabolic innovation. So the Senator shifts his ground—it is contrary to natural right and therefore "immoral."

In the area of basic rights, the Senator, however, has it both ways. Although he believes that it is "both wise and just" for Negro children to attend the same schools as whites, he finds that "no powers regarding education were given the Federal government." But when the Senator turns to the question of the rights of union members, he sees no philosophical or constitutional objection to using the full force of Federal power to help assure the liberty of workers within unions. But, it might be objected, if the Federal government has no power over agriculture, where does the power come to regulate trade unions?

Concerning foreign affairs, the Senator is no less marvelously dogmatic. This is Goldwater's view of foreign economic assistance programs: ". . . except as it can be shown to promote America's national interest, the foreign aid program is unconstitutional." Paradoxically, although Goldwater wants to curb the powers of the Federal government, he also wants to adopt a "tough" line towards the Soviet Union. His language comes close to advocacy of preventive war. Negotiations with the Communists, he asserts, are useless; what is needed is the will to win once and for all. In addition to parrying Russian blows, "We must strike our own. In addition to guarding our frontiers we must try to puncture his." And all this on a balanced budget!

In reality, it would be impossible to operate a government like ours on the principles that Senator Goldwater espouses. Even Senator Taft favored Federal housing and aid to education legislation, though neither program is specifically authorized by the Constitution. To some extent, Goldwater has backed away from the logical abyss of his analysis and is offering what he asserts are constitutional programs for meeting national needs. His proposals, especially his complex plan for indirect Federal help to schools, are ingenious, interesting, and wholly unrealistic. Like his brethren on the far left, Goldwater is finding that extreme principles are better suited to sonorous speechmaking than to legislation. But if the Senator continues his search for constructive counterproposals, he may wind up by being as sensible, moderate, and dull as everybody else.

This seems unlikely. There is a streak of wild dogmatism in Barry Goldwater which seems to propel him to the end of every available limb. Last November, he showed up as a speaker at the National Interfraternity Council. As a loyal Sigma Chi, he hailed fraternities as a "bastion of American strength," and added that "where fraternities are not allowed, Communism flourishes." The Senator went on to cite Harvard as an example of a university where, in the absence of fraternities, Communist and Socialist philosophies are allowed to flourish.

But even when he is talking through his sombrero, Barry Goldwater brings some welcome gusts from the old frontier. He grew up in Arizona, where the cowboy days are still a living memory; his family album suggests an episode from *Gunsmoke*. Grandfather Michael Goldwater came to California in 1852 on the traces of the gold rush. When a new gold strike developed on the Gila River in what was later Arizona, Michael drove a wagon across the desert to do business in the mining camps. Soon, Michael and his brother Joseph started a chain of stores in

the territory, beginning with an adobe store in Ehrenberg in 1862 which served as city hall, post office, and jail as well as the supplier of gunpowder and gingham. There were more than the usual risks for an entrepreneur—at one point, in Skull Valley, the brothers were seriously wounded in a skirmish with Apaches. Two of Mike's sons, Morris and Barron (father of the Senator), helped to extend the business from Prescott to Phoenix, Tombstone, and Bisbee. The store in Bisbee was the scene of a celebrated massacre in which five passers-by were shot, five bandits subsequently hung, and one culprit strung up by citizens who were dissatisfied with the courtroom verdict.

Goldwater's family traditions and his love for Arizona explain a good deal of his political style. He grew up with a passion for the strenuous life, and threw himself into every activity—family business, sports, exploring, photography, cookery, Indian studies, and aviation—with the same peppery enthusiasm. During the war he served with distinction in the Air Force and he has kept in trim as a Reserve pilot.

He sailed into state politics with the same breezy determination. The obstacles he faced were considerable. Arizona is normally a Democratic state, and his opponent in 1952 was Ernest McFarland, then Democratic Majority Leader of the Senate. Goldwater's previous experience consisted of two terms on the Phoenix city council and his service as campaign manager in 1950 for the successful Republican gubernatorial candidate. But between his indefatigable campaigning and a ride on the Eisenhower coattails, Goldwater won by a narrow one per cent margin. He was overwhelmingly re-elected in 1958, when he was virtually the only leading right-wing Republican Senator to survive the Democratic tide.

Part of his appeal has been explained by Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall, who served two terms as a Democratic Representative from Arizona. Udall has remarked that many Arizonans who voted for him also voted for Goldwater in 1958. "They may not have agreed with Barry," he said, "but they darn well knew where he stood."

The rest of the country, if it was in any doubt, also found out where Barry stood at the Republican convention in 1960. The square jaw, the muscular frame; the pugnacious oratory came over well on television and established firmly and clearly the Goldwater image. There was no doubt of the fact that the scepter once held by Robert A. Taft had passed to Goldwater—he was now the enthroned leader of the Regular Republicans, the party stalwarts who look back to Herbert Hoover with nostalgia and speak of Dwight D. Eisenhower as if he were a Fabian Socialist.

Justus in The Minneapolis Star

Missile Gap of the Future?

Since the convention, Goldwater has considerably broadened the base of his influence. Arizona is a small state, with not many more than a million residents; its traditions are as special and as locally-flavored as the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert. But the Junior Senator from this state has somehow struck a responsive chord with thousands of conservative Republicans who live in small towns and medium-sized cities across the country—and who perhaps find in Goldwater the embodiment of their romantic political fantasies. He is a personable link with the Old Frontier which, in the minds of many Republicans, is still as real as Abilene was to President Eisenhower.

There are some who can argue plausibly that it is basically unhealthy for the Republican Party to fall into "irresponsible" opposition by flirting with the Goldwater line. As a pragmatic political matter, it would be more sensible for the Republicans to imitate their Tory brethren in Great Britain by unreservedly accepting the welfare state. And unquestionably Senator Goldwater's intransigence in foreign policy does not recommend itself as a model in the days ahead.

But there is another aspect to the problem. Whether we who regard ourselves as liberals like it or not, an appreciable sector of the population feels frustrated and cheated by liberal political success since 1932. In an almost paranoid way, some ultra-rightists feel that a conspiracy of union leaders, big city bosses, Eastern financiers, Harvard professors, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has captured the country. This view is more prevalent than a liberal might suppose; it extends from suburban dowagers and small businessmen to uprooted poor whites in city slums.

In addition to this cranky element, there is a larger group which simply feels—and the view is not wholly irrational—that what the government can do *for* you it can do *to* you. There is a restive distrust of Washington, and a feeling that centralization can mean the loss of certain vital local functions. Behind this distrust is a slight touch of anarchism, of suspicion of the state *per se*—again, an attitude that has some basis in reality.

These groups have a legitimate right to their views in a democratic society; even the cranks have their place in the political spectrum. The great danger is that demagogues can exploit this emotional electorate for malignant ends—to turn, as the late Senator Joseph McCarthy did, a legitimate impulse to illegitimate purposes. The danger is especially acute during a period of liberal ascendancy in the White House when, on the surface at least, the left seems to have a corner on power and publicity.

What I am saying is that we who disagree with Senator Goldwater may soon be glad that he is around. No one could seriously maintain that Goldwater is a seditionist or a malevolent demagogue. On the contrary, he is a decent, upright, and thoroughly attractive politician. The groups he speaks for deserve a spokesman, and a good one. They could do far worse than Barry Morris Goldwater.

New Horizons for the United Nations

by DAVID C. WILLIAMS

For the last few months, the United Nations has been in a state of almost continuous crisis. Chaos in the Congo and Nikita Khrushchev's turbulent twenty-five days at the General Assembly last fall, added to the stresses and strains of its sudden expansion from eighty-two to ninety-nine members, have shaken the world organization to its foundations. These tumults could foreshadow the relegation of the United Nations to the ashcan of history, where the League of Nations went before it. Or they could, if the United States shows sound and imaginative statesmanship, be the birth pangs of a stronger United Nations in a more orderly world.

There is no lack of pessimists. Ever since the founding of the United Nations, many American and European officials concerned with international affairs have expressed two widely divergent views about it. Publicly they have—with a few forthright exceptions, such as General Charles de Gaulle—paid it glowing lip service; privately, they have complained that it has been oversold and have tended to dismiss it as a mere cave of winds.

This pervasive skepticism has been reinforced by the recent accession to United Nations membership of many new, small, and allegedly irresponsible states, each by virtue of its sovereignty casting the same single vote in the General Assembly as ancient, more populous, and more powerful nations.

Some critics have become so accustomed to listing the United Nations' liabilities that they have failed to note its growing tally of assets. They have failed to give due weight, for example, to the steady and increasing influence for a more orderly world which this young world organization is exerting through its own distinctive and developing personality. As I have observed its proceedings over the years, I have repeatedly been struck by an analogy with the British Parliament. Again and again, fiery young radicals have been elected to the House of Commons and have begun by making the same sort of speeches they had been accustomed to give at the mine mouth or the mill gate. Most of them soon sensed that this did not go down at all well in their new environment, and they moderated their speech and behavior accordingly. Most of them came to aspire to be—and many succeeded in becoming—"good House of Commons men."

The United Nations is having much the same influence on many of the delegates of the newer nations. They come with their preconceived ideas and prejudices—some, indeed, in their national costume. But before long they are in conventional business suits, carrying briefcases stuffed with facts and figures, and base their speeches on them rather than on the inflated currency of nationalist rhetoric. They are becoming, as individuals, members of an orderly international community. And to the extent, often considerable in the case of the newer nations, that the United Nations delegates are persons of consequence to their governments at home, they are helping their nations to find a place in an orderly world.

It used to be said—and still is, since firmly-held concepts tend to outlive their factual foundation—that airing disputes at the United Nations tended to exacerbate them, because delegates could not resist the temptation offered by this world forum to play to the radio and television grandstand by taking extreme positions. This is by no means as common now as it was some years ago. More and more, the delegates are addressing their arguments to their fellow-delegates and seeking to persuade rather than alienate them. There are now many other forums for anti-colonial oratory—before cheering crowds at home, and at gatherings of like-minded militants in Casablanca, Konakry, or Cairo. If what is said at the United Nations still occasionally grates on the ears of diplomats of the old school, it is usually considerably milder than what is said elsewhere.

The United States has much to gain from the development of rational and mannerly discourse among nations. But, even apart from its own not infrequent shortcomings in this respect, it is ill-fitted to play the role of a sort of international Emily Post. The new nations can acquire the habits of diplomacy much more readily, while at the same time preserving their dignity and self-respect, through participation in an assembly in which they sit as equals.

So far, I have emphasized the role of the United Nations as a sort of debating club exerting a marked civilizing influence on its members—much as the House of Commons has acquired, and deserves, the reputation of being

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"the best club in London." Can the United Nations be more than that—more even than a "resoluting" body whose resolutions, as we are repeatedly reminded, are frequently ignored? Can it be more effective in the future in settling disputes among nations?

So far, it must be confessed, the United Nations has had little impact upon the deepest and most dangerous dispute of all, the cold war. So far, it has had a meager record of achievement in settling even those issues in which the great powers were not directly involved as antagonists. Such pitifully few settlements as have been made in the postwar world have usually been the result of direct negotiation, outside the United Nations, by the parties concerned.

Some settlements outside the United Nations have been facilitated by preliminary airings of the issue there. Thus, when Greece and Turkey took their quarrel over Cyprus to the United Nations and discovered that there was no substantial support for the maximum demands of either, the way was cleared for ultimate compromise. Nevertheless, there is much justice in the criticism that the agenda of disputes before the United Nations lengthens year by year. Some new issues are added at each session; few are subtracted. While it is a nuisance to have all this inflammable rubbish cluttering the agenda of the United Nations, it is certainly preferable to having it burst into flames. The United Nations may not have settled many disputes, but at least it has kept them in the area of verbal rather than real battle.

There must be few regular attendants at United Nations sessions who have not wearied of the endless amount of gabble that goes on. It pounds at the ears of listeners like wave after wave of surf. Yet somehow, in these surges of oratory, the sharp edges of the issues do get rounded and smoothed. Often the language of resolutions is pounded into a condition almost devoid of meaning in order to get a majority; but the process of compromise on words is at least a beginning toward compromise in fact.

Once the crisis touched off by the Anglo-American landings in Jordan and Lebanon got into the special session of the United Nations General Assembly, it soon was becalmed in vast shoals of words. There finally emerged a resolution, sponsored by all the Arab states, according to which they promised—in effect—not to be beastly to one another. From one point of view, this was sheer, rank hypocrisy. From another point of view, it was both meaningful and helpful. It meant that, for all their bitter internecine rivalries, the Arab states had been shocked into the realization that they would have to put up at least a facade of unity in order to get the great powers off their necks. Behind this facade, the Americans and the British were able, gratefully and even gracefully, to withdraw their expeditionary forces.

Valuable time was gained. The Hatfields and McCoys of the Middle East have not ceased their incessant feuding. But the further evolution of modern weapons systems has downgraded the strategic importance of the area, while the world-wide surplus of oil has reduced its economic significance. Thus, the danger of great power involvement in the perennial Middle Eastern squabbles has appreciably diminished.

The lengthening United Nations agenda is more symptomatic of the state of the postwar world than of the state of the United Nations. In earlier and simpler times, many of these issues would have been resolved by force or the threat of force. The greater weight of world public opinion and the danger of any resort to force mushrooming into World War III have combined to inhibit cutting today's Gordian knots with the sword. War has been called the ultimate argument of kings—and it was, at least, ultimate. We shall have to resign ourselves to the fact that the peaceful settlement of disputes is a tedious and time-consuming process.

A situation is developing, however, in which the decisions of the U.N. General Assembly may have a more significant impact upon disputes than in the past. Analyzing the current session of the Assembly, Robert Stephens, the diplomatic correspondent of the London *Observer*, concluded that it now "matters vitally what the Assembly decides."

"It matters, first," Stephens commented, "because military and economic power are not the *only* realities. In fact, the balance of nuclear terror between the great powers makes the total balance of power between them even more dependent upon their ability to influence the political ideas of the great mass of people who are not closely aligned with one bloc or another . . .

"The Assembly's voice matters, secondly, because, in certain limited circumstances, it is no longer entirely without power. Through a combination of the nuclear stalemate and the legal powers of evading the Security Council veto with which the Western [nations] themselves equipped it, the Assembly can authorize and bring about a military intervention, as in the case of Suez and the Congo.

"This kind of operation depends for its success on three things: that the great powers should acquiesce or at least refrain from active interference in the overriding interest of peace between themselves; that the uncommitted countries supporting the operation should maintain enough cohesion among themselves; and that the executive instrument, the Secretary-General and his staff, should remain trusted as politically impartial interpreters of the common peace-keeping interest."

The last paragraph suggests some guidelines for United States' policy in the United Nations which are well worth consideration. There was a time when "letting Dag do it"—that is, permitting a concensus to develop in the United Nations and to be expressed through its Secretary-General, rather than putting forward our own policy—was regarded as an abdication of United States responsibility. In the new United Nations, with its majority of African, Asian, and Middle Eastern nations, the United States may function far more effectively from the wings than by pre-empting the center of the stage.

Such self-restraint would, for one thing, commend itself to the Afro-Asian nations in their prevailing mood. Most of them like to describe themselves as "uncommitted"—and they seem about to add Brazil to their ranks. This does not imply, as many Americans initially assumed, that they are neutral between democracy and

totalitarianism, or between good and evil. It simply represents a prudent desire to keep the great powers at some distance from their affairs. This desire can in itself, as in the case of the Lebanon-Jordan landings, be a very strong incentive for the smaller nations to settle their own differences, before they widen to such an extent that they invite the intervention of the great powers. Here the United Nations can be of invaluable assistance.

Moreover, the application of such a policy by the United States would fix the responsibility for the future of the United Nations where it belongs. Dag Hammarskjold has rightly observed that it is the smaller nations, rather than the greater ones, which need the protection of their independence that the United Nations can give. If we sit back a little and give them some individual leeway, we may find ourselves less often cast in the role of the universal scapegoat. So long as Britain ruled India, it was easy for Indians to blame her for everything that went wrong. The habit persisted for a while after independence (as it may with the United Nations), but the time came when the Indians addressed their complaints to themselves, rather than to London.

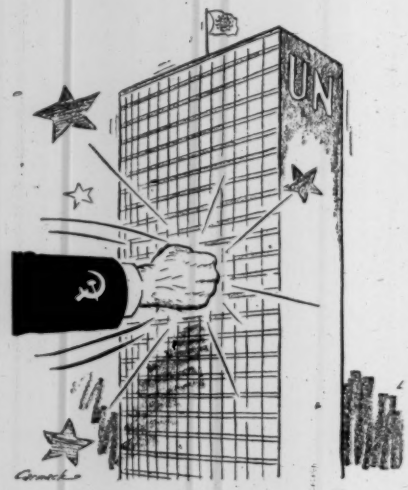
We are already seeing some indication that this process is taking place in the United Nations. Recently, in a fit of pique, the government of Guinea demanded that all United Nations personnel leave the country forthwith —only to discover that two of the four people they were about to banish were Russians, one a Yugoslav, and the fourth a citizen of determinedly neutral Switzerland, which is not a member of the United Nations. Another sign of the times, and one which played an important part in the Security Council vote to strengthen the United Nations mandate in the Congo, was the private admission of many African delegates (whatever some of them said publicly) that they had themselves been at fault in not giving the United Nations more authority at the beginning.

Will the Russians observe a similar self-denying ordinance? To some extent, they are already doing so. So long as it was merely a question of confronting the "automatic majority" of the Western powers, the Soviets did not hesitate to brandish their veto. But now, when important Asian and African nations support a resolution, the Russian leaders think twice before crossing them.

We are too much inclined to deplore the possibility that an Afro-Asian bloc might emerge in the United Nations, and too prone to take satisfaction in the appearance of fissions within this group—some of which we have helped to initiate. We should rather seek to encourage Afro-Asian solidarity, using our influence to help steer it into constructive channels. Most Americans in responsible foreign policy posts have by now come around to the conclusion that our own interests will be adequately served if the new nations can maintain their independence.

Many of these nations claim to follow a policy of "positive neutrality." We might well take them at their word, and accentuate the positive. Their obligations to the world are not discharged by invoking a ritual "curse on both your houses" nor by grinding their own axes at the expense of the United Nations, which some of them are inclined to do. And it is perfectly in order to remind them that votes in the United Nations are worse than meaningless unless those who cast them are prepared to back them up, when necessary, with money and with men.

Fixing more responsibility for the United Nations on the Afro-Asian nations is a policy with distinct risks, but the risks are not unlimited. Most of these peoples have more in common with us than with the Russians, and they are rarely swayed by Communist slogans except when they are suspicious of imperialist designs on the part of the West. It may be that they will make mistakes, and that we shall have to bail them out, financially or politically, but there is no real learning that does not involve the making of mistakes.



Carmack in The Christian Science Monitor

Not Easily Shaken

Perhaps the greatest dividend from a more tactful and unobtrusive American policy in the United Nations could be the opportunity it offers for the revival of Asian and African confidence in the United Nations. It reached an all-time high on September 19 of last year, when the General Assembly vote of seventy members to none on a crucial Congo resolution left the abstaining Soviet bloc almost isolated. It is of the utmost importance to restore this confidence, and build upon it.

The new nations are bound to learn that, in this rapidly narrowing world, independence is not enough; there needs to be meaningful interdependence as well. Through their recently won and zealously cherished sovereignties, the new nations assert their diversity; through the United Nations, they can move toward integration with a wider world.

A stronger United Nations is in our interest as well as theirs. We cannot remold the world in our image, even if we wanted to. However talented our ambassadors, however effective the U.S. Information Agency and the Voice of America, we cannot expect that support of the United States will become a politically feasible position for most Asian and African leaders—and if we demand it of them, we may simply succeed in isolating and destroying them.

Support of the United Nations can, however, provide a rallying point for men of good will everywhere. To the extent that it can be strengthened (and that it is a prime objective of American statesmanship to strengthen it), we may be able to move from the frozen rigidities of the cold war to a future of growing international order.

Adlai Stevenson Employed

by MURRAY KEMPTON

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, reconvened without Nikita Khrushchev, is no longer a tent show, but a long, slow pull and tug—now desperate, now lethargic—over the survival of the United Nations as a reality. Last fall's General Assembly belonged to Nikita Khrushchev. This spring's could belong to Adlai Stevenson. That judgment is perhaps exaggerated. But the mere existence of grounds for exaggeration in Stevenson's case is an unexpected event in the history of this century.

No American politician out of power has ever had the devotion of as broad and deep and stubborn a following as Adlai Stevenson's. The essential spirit of the feeling he aroused was captured best by Senator Eugene McCarthy when he asked the last Democratic convention not to reject this man who had "made us all proud to be called Democrats."

Simple faith is not a particular virtue of the informed and the sophisticated. Last spring, the better informed a politician was, the more likely he was to have given up on Stevenson and to think of him as broken to the custom of defeat. The sophisticated who stayed with him were mainly persons who cherished him too much to desert him. The simple persons who rallied to the touching scene of the last effort to nominate Adlai Stevenson at Los Angeles alone thought of him as undamaged and intact; yet they were as right in this case as they were wrong in the romantic conception that their hearts, throats, and bodies alone were enough to hold back the Kennedys.

In the same way, the more realistic and informed an observer was, the less promise could he see in Stevenson's appointment as Ambassador to the United Nations. It was less than his friends had counted on; they thought it a shabby substitute for the portfolio of State, and said so. Stevenson and the President, for all the fine temper of their manners, can be almost brutally outspoken men. Their differences had passed, it seemed, from the political to the dangerous ground of the personal. Friends of both who talked to both came away dreadfully saddened; Stevenson, they reported, thought Kennedy indifferent to promises; and Kennedy thought Stevenson soft and indecisive.

The informed view had to be that Stevenson would bring to the United Nations little except grace in ceremony and weary rectitude in debate. And there was the feeling, more consequential than personal sorrow, that neither Stevenson, by reason of having wanted so many other things so long, nor Kennedy, by limitation of experience, understood the importance of the United Nations. It is not a place to which a man can any longer be sent as a pensioner and go as a castoff.

A man watching Stevenson, weary and spiritless, before the House Foreign Relations Committee studying his appointment, came away remembering Shakespeare's great funeral song: *"Thou thy worldly task has done/Home art thou and ta'en thy wages."*

Those doubts and regrets have all become memory now and are without relation to the present, but they should be offered as reminder of how often access to what is known as inside information can be a serious handicap to the understanding of men and events.

Stevenson came to the United Nations and was seen first in the posture familiar to anyone who had watched him long in former times—the pose of a man leaning forward cupping his right hand to his ear to hear the better. The manner remained the same. The difference, the startling difference, was that we were seeing an Adlai Stevenson most of his votaries had never seen, an Adlai Stevenson employed.

His first month at the United Nations gleamed and glistened, all style, all substance. The keenest critical description of him has come from Joseph P. Lash, one of the wisest of the United Nations' permanent party of journalists. "I know now," says Lash, "why I was for Adlai Stevenson three times for President of the United States."

President Kennedy is reported to have said that Stevenson, in the United Nations, has the nerve of a burglar. It is not a quotation historically certified, but it is artistically identifiable as the President's style of compliment. For Stevenson plays with his back feeling the wall. The issue these weeks and months is the United Nations' survival. The General Assembly can have met and had its ritual quarrels and arisen, and, at some distance from it, the United Nations, as a force

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in history, can have expired in the Congo.

Stevenson locates his situation precisely when he says he has come to the United Nations at a juncture when, at just the same time, it is entering into crisis and the long-range plans of the Soviets are coming to fruition. He seems to ask every visitor the flat, emergent question whether the United Nations can be saved. He has come to know that the Kennedy Administration will be judged, by time if not by popular favor, by the condition of the United Nations at its end. And, since this condition depends more on Adlai Stevenson than anyone else except possibly Nikita Khrushchev, this General Assembly will be Stevenson's or it will be no one's.

Stevenson came at a time when, for all the best efforts of Ambassador Wadsworth, the United States was at the lowest point it has ever known at the United Nations. The last Eisenhower delegation closed its tenure by abstention from voting on an anti-colonial resolution passed overwhelmingly. This posture resulted from the limp acquiescence of a weary President; Prime Minister Macmillan asked President Eisenhower to support Britain in abstention, and the President accepted his request. Such was the dreary end of a session in which the United States had been barely a presence. President Eisenhower addressed the General Assembly in tones of detachment he would hardly have used with the American Bankers Association. There was the vision of America sitting beside the bedside of dying empires.

THE HIGH COST OF DYING

by RUTH MULVEY HARMER

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Reprint Department
The Progressive
Madison, Wisconsin

Stevenson had hardly arrived when he said, with that boldness United Nations correspondents find incredible in his briefings, that the United States must, of course, be unequivocally anti-colonial, and that the more mature Western powers would, of course, agree that there was no place for them in Africa.

The substance of that change has carried over to the style of what Stevenson calls his "assiduous" cultivation of the Africans. It is assiduous, to be sure, but it is also delighted. There seems to be no reception in whatever tiny warren the city of New York provides for the Ambassador of a new African state where Adlai Stevenson is not present, a voyager continually refreshed by discovery.

At breakfast in March, he talked longest of all about his night before as a guest in the Washington Square South apartment of Ambassador Guirma of the Upper Volta. After the introductions, he had entered into conversation with another guest whom he had assumed to be the representative of another French African state. He began "in my halting French" and his victim stopped him: "Give up, Governor, I used to be a precinct leader uptown." Stevenson had been talking to a fellow American student of African affairs.

He has a delighted passion with Africa; he has been there so often that he has passed blessedly beyond those tourists' questions which always afflicted the travel reports of Richard Nixon and made us grateful that he had never been sent to observe Benito Mussolini.

The delight, of course, is not total identification. Stevenson on the Congo, while doing his proper duty, is measurably harsher about the Soviets than he is about the Belgians. But he enjoys these strangers, and they enjoy him. Stevenson must almost have forgotten, in his neglect at home, that he is a mythic figure abroad. He invites the Ambassador from Senegal to lunch and is amazed to find that his guest knows the year and the office for which Adlai Stevenson first ran. He remains, for the time being, the American official to whom diplomats come for purposes deeper than ceremony, because he is the Administration figure whose name they know best.

Yet, now employed again, there is an iron in him which we on our side had also forgotten. He began his time of trial surrounded by temptations for miscalculation and unfortunate accidents of environment. His first long speech to the Security Council—a daring experiment in being anti-Soviet without being self-righteous—was obscured by its interruption by a pitiable gallery demonstration of a few American Negroes crying that Secretary-General Hammarskjold had murdered Patrice Lumumba.

On the same day, Soviet Ambassador Zorin made what almost seemed an appeal to the United States over the head of Hammarskjold, and there was in it the hint that, for the price of Hammarskjold, we might have easement of all our problems. And Stevenson faced an African assemblage which, divided by personal ambition, seemed almost ready to let the Congo sink into a civil war sponsored by international adventurers.

Adlai Stevenson forebore to complain about the material at hand; and he worked for days with the uncommitted nations. One friend who came out from a conference with him during this period said that, for the first time, he had noticed that Stevenson has thick, stubby farmer's hands. At the end, Stevenson had a resolution giving Hammarskjold more power in the Congo than he had had before the Soviet assault on him as assassin. It was an Asian-African resolution conceived by an American statesman, and Zorin did not feel it safe to veto.

Stevenson is as free of false pride about this first achievement as he is free of false optimism about its potential as final solution. The Congo remained a horror for the next two weeks. Stevenson knows that the United Nations cannot solve the Congo's interior problems; he aims—it would be too much to say he hopes—only to end the interference of foreign powers. He knew that his resolution was only a little better than a prayer; he could expect us to move from disaster to disaster in the Congo; but the only final disaster would be the collapse of the United Nations there, and this for a while he had forestalled.

The United Nations does not owe its life to Adlai Stevenson. But it does owe him in great measure its chance

to live a little longer. One watches him here cheerful and involved, committed to four years of holding back the dark. It seems always the man's destiny to be assigned the impossible tasks; we are again grateful, as we have been in the past, that they have been given to no one else.

It was seldom easy to explain why so many of us melted in the presence of Governor Stevenson. He was never lucky, after all; and there was never the sense that he was our man or anyone else's. There was the explanation that, alone among the figures of our politics, he understood history. But that is too much to say; who understands history?

Watching him, the point seems rather that Adlai Stevenson accepts history and engages it unafraid. He accepts the condition that the world is unlikely to be either ours or the Soviet Union's but rather the heritage of unpredictable strangers.

The vigor of his reaction to Soviet tactics seems to have surprised almost everyone who will report a conversation with him. This is the distaste, not of an Imperial American, but of a man who conceives himself as guarding the future.

He has performed an incalculable elevation in our station at the United Nations in the briefest of periods because he has come here, not as mere representative of a national state, but as embodiment of the agony and determination of Western man. He is the first ambassador of a great power to stand forth as representative of the best of the future and not merely a fragment of the past.

United Nations' observers have been struck most by Stevenson's boldness. But then the voice for which they had all been waiting so long would certainly differ from the others in boldness as much as anything else. And that is why we cherished him so long; without telling he somehow came through to us as a venturesome man. He has little time to think about himself these days, and he may not have revised the feeling, which oppressed him when the year began, that he had fallen out of history. But there are other histories than the high school ones. He will belong to those historians who create other historians; in the autobiography of Henry Adams, John Hay is a larger character than Theodore Roosevelt.

Nature's Resurrection

by HAL BORLAND

IF I BELIEVED in omens I might consider this a good year for the affairs of mankind because Easter and the vernal equinox fall only thirteen days apart. Last year the span was twenty-eight days, so we are now somewhat closer to conjunction with the timing of the universe. Then I recall that in 1959 the gap was only eight days, and since 1959 was a few degrees short of millenial perfection I have my doubts about the significance of the whole matter. And when I think that man has so managed the calendar that Easter and the spring equinox can never coincide I know that man's perversity is probably beyond redemption.

So much for omens. But the fact remains that spring by the almanac and Easter by the church calendar are both reminders of resurrection, rebirth, and the renewal of hope in a better tomorrow. Easter dramatizes it in terms of faith and the soul of man. The equinox states it in terms of the earth, the sun, and the universe. The equinox came first, but the early churchmen were astute enough to graft their own traditions onto existing pagan customs. Thus the legendary Teutonic goddess of spring gave both her name and her equinoctial celebration to the occasion of the Resurrection when the early Christian missionaries penetrated the dark pagan forests.

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So if the countryman hears an Easter summons in the first cry of a spring peeper in the bogland he is not being altogether pagan. And if he sees resurrection in the surge of sap and the swelling of buds on a maple tree, he is conceivably dealing with the soul and spirit as well as the facts of nature. He knows that "faith as of a grain of mustard seed" is more than a figure of speech, for every year of his life he has seen seeds, even mustard seeds, sprout under the spring sun and come to growth and blossom and seed again. No matter how he may phrase it, he knows that his furrow is a signal of his cooperation with universal urgencies.

A good many of man's problems arise, one way or another, from his forgetfulness of such fundamental matters as an equinox. When a political pundit confuses an equinox with a solstice, as one did not long ago, I suspect his omniscience in the affairs of man and I absolutely distrust his judgment of cause and effect. As long as man knew, at first hand, that he had to observe the dictates of the season to avoid a harvest of famine, he was properly suspicious of man-made edicts. But nature has a way of driving home her lessons eventually. I understand that Mr. Khrushchev now admits that it will take more than a special session of the Presidium to grow more corn in the Soviet's fields.

March was named for Mars and, according to the keepers of zodiac, Mars rules the earth and its affairs from the vernal equinox until April 19. But I wish our nervous prophets would remember that Mars was the

god of growing things as well as of war. I wish, too, that they would remember that earth's next zodiacal guardian will be Venus, the goddess of love. During the reign of Venus lambs will gambol among the violets in new-grown meadows, birds will build nests and celebrate the dawn, and perhaps somebody in the Congo will interrupt internecine diversions long enough to plow a field and plant something besides dragon's teeth. May's full moon doesn't come until the twenty-ninth.

I suppose one should walk warily along any path that leads even obliquely toward hope in the affairs of man. But the season itself tends upward. Perhaps it would be better to note the tendency and wait for man to commit himself. But I must point out that after the vernal equinox the day begins to surpass the night and the whole urgency of nature is hopeful and constructive. There is a subtle change in the beat of the big rhythms, and if man's pulse fails to respond he has hopelessly alienated himself from his own environment. Not only the human heart but those nervous impulses which constitute thought and probably emotion are linked somehow with the great universal rhythms that constitute day and night and the seasons and periodically create eclipses.

I recently read an advertisement created for the B. F. Goodrich Company by somebody on Madison Avenue. It was headlined, "ONCE IN A BLUE MOON MAN SAYS NO TO NATURE," and it dealt with an astronaut who is, according to the ad, going to "vault into space" in a "wingless bird." When he "rides it into orbit" he will "say No to Nature as he never has before," says the poet from Madison Avenue. This ode to industry, as I read it, is dedicated to "the B. F. Goodrich full-pressure suit" in which this no-saying astronaut will ride to glory. And to "the B. F. Goodrich solid rocket fuels" which "shout their defiance to gravity itself."

Maybe this year's minor span between Easter and the equinox will yet blossom into the glory of a man out there in space, triumphantly chanting, "No, no, no," to the spin of the planet and the precession of the stars. And breathing, I might add, oxygen, not some gaseous elixir of interstellar space.

How poetic can you get? This advertisement, if I know my advertising schedules, was not even inspired by the surge of spring over the flowery countryside. Its author, working under the pressure of deadlines and an account executive with ulcers, sweated it out in the dark, depressing days of winter in New York. He too said "No" to nature. He summoned the muse on order.

Well, man has been saying No to nature a long, long time, despite the Madison Avenue poet's ecstatic statement in the name of B. F. Goodrich, and he still hasn't been able to make that No absolute. Last winter most of us here in New England, up to our navels in snowdrifts, looked at the clouds and said, "No!" as loud as we could shout. And what did we get? Another foot of snow. We had enough snow, and we had enough twenty-below-zero weather, and we said so. But winter kept right on coming. I didn't try it, but I have an idea that if we had all shouted "Yes, yes, yes!" to those clouds we would have had precisely the same result. When we cried, "No!" we hadn't the least hope of deflecting so much as one snowflake. We were simply venting our own impatience with things as they are, and even as we said it we were reaching for the snow shovel.

But all winters end, and not by the calendar or the legislative edict. They end when that summons from our particular star, the sun, penetrates to the root. Then it is spring, as it has been far longer than man has been here to observe the event. And if we get spring floods, we can't order them to cease any more than we could check the snowfall with words. If necessary, we shall take to the hills till the floods subside, then come back and plow our valley fields, as always, and plant our crops. By the season, not by order from Washington.

Every year when I hear the spring peepers down the road and see the flocks of migrant robins in my home pasture, I wonder why man persists in his arrogant notion that he knows all the answers or can run them up at his convenience on his computers. Maybe it is beside the point, but I wonder if anyone has ever found the answer to nature's natural balance. The cottontail rabbit, which soon will be birthing its first litter in the weed patch at the edge of my vegetable garden, would overrun the earth if there weren't so many natural enemies. If all their offspring survived, twelve pairs of cottontails would increase to 22,000,000 rabbits in six years. Australia learned this the hard way. But nature seems to have room for only so many cottontails, so there are owls and foxes and bobcats and various fatal diseases that keep down the rabbit population. We call this the balance of nature, and when it works in our favor we applaud it. But when it comes to our own kind we do everything in our power to upset it.

I think of this especially in the spring. Man isn't as prolific as the rabbit, not quite, but the academic economists keep telling us that man is going to be eating plankton and scrounging among the grass-roots if he keeps on breeding at his current rate. We prolong life and wonder what to do with our jobless "elder citizens," and we go on proliferating, especially in the "underdeveloped countries." The neo-Malthusians keep warning us, with their mathematical charts, but let someone whisper "birth control" and there is political hell to pay. We would rather install bathtubs and flush toilets and telephones in the mud huts of Africa and beside the Asian rice paddies than teach their users the facts of life. True, we develop a pill that seems to retard ovulation, and we test it in the Caribbean; and what is our finding? That it seems to check cancer. It may retard the

CIVIL DEFENSE: BILLION DOLLAR BOONDOGGLE

by SENATOR STEPHEN YOUNG

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Reprint Department
The Progressive
Madison, Wisconsin

birth rate, but it may also prolong life in the aged. Maybe the rabbits are better off. I sometimes wonder, as I count my vanishing gray hairs and read the latest warning from the population experts.

Meanwhile, the sun continues to move northward, as we say in our egocentric, geocentric arrogance. Spring comes. And we advance toward the New Frontier, cautiously but hopefully. Man's affairs are in a muddle, we are told. But somehow, out here where man hasn't a thing to do with the change of the seasons, or even with the phases of the moon, man's environment seems to be going through the usual routine. Newplowed fields have the same earthy smell that they had when oxen drew the plow. Crows stalk furrows, waiting for corn to be planted and pilfered. The woodchuck who got away from it all for almost five months wakens and emerges from his den, hungry for food and a mate and willing to fight all other male woodchucks for both of them. The cat has another litter of kittens in the barn, and the mice don't seem to know that life is any more precarious than usual. The daffodils will soon be in bud, and the first hungry bees will be out looking for pollen and, in the order of things beyond the hand of man, fertilizing ovaries endowed with the urgency to create seed. The grass in the meadow, sustenance for all animal life including mine, spreads fresh chlorophyll and goes to work, far more quietly and economically than an atomic power plant. The fact that the grass sprang from seed so small it can ride the wind seems more important to me than putting a man into orbit.

Maybe I am a victim of the season. Maybe my mysterious ganglia are participating in the season's rhythm. I hope so.

The other morning, while I was out beside the old milk house cleaning some of winter's grime off my car, an outland stranger drove up and asked directions. He was an inquisitive fellow and before I could set him on the right road he was asking personal questions. Didn't I get lonely out here in the hills? Didn't I miss the culture and civilizing influences of the city? Had I run away from people and their problems to live a selfish hermit life?

I said no to all those questions, being a patient man. Up to a point. But when he asked if I didn't *care* about people and their problems I said, "I never resigned from the human race. I came here to keep my perspective and recall something about human dignity. Man may yet turn out to be a biological experiment and vanish like the big lizards, but meanwhile it seemed important to get in touch again with the realities. Maybe then I could find some answers to the puzzle of this strange adventure, life."

"Have you found the answers?" he demanded.

"Some of them," I said. "More important, I have found that the search is an adventure itself." And I finally sent him back to the main highway.

I finished cleaning the car and started to the house, only to see a colony of ants at work on a new mound. I squatted down and watched them for ten minutes. Ants solved problems of sex and family and community living fifty million years ago but apparently never were endowed with brains which could wonder about the meaning of life. I was glad that I was a man, not an ant. Especially on a spring morning.

A Dialogue

Eichmann in Israel

by MILTON MAYER

EICHMANN. Who killed the Jews?

ISRAELI. You did.

EICH. Who, me?

ISR. Who else?

EICH. I thought that Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, and Hitler did it.

ISR. They got away from us.

EICH. I got away from you, too.

ISR. But we got you back.

EICH. Not *back*. If you'd got me back, you'd have had to get me back to Germany, where I came from. Your Gestapo kidnapped me in Argentina and took me to a foreign country to kill me. You have no right to do that.

ISR. Listen to who's talking about "right."

EICH. You mean that you have the "right" to do wrong because somebody else has done wrong to you? In that case everybody has the "right" to do wrong, including Hitler. What I did I did in Germany. Why don't you turn me over to the Germans?

ISR. The Germans don't want you.

EICH. Nobody wants the Nazis, so they have to be exterminated. In the Third Reich nobody wanted the Jews, so they had to be exterminated. The British wouldn't let them go to Palestine. The Americans wouldn't let them come to America. The British and the Americans exterminated them by turning them away. We only added the finishing touch, so to say. Why don't you kill the British and the Americans?

ISR. It was you who started it.

EICH. *Started* it? You don't know your own history, you "Israeli." Nobody ever wanted the Jews.

ISR. What you say may be true, but it won't get *you* off. We have a country of our own now. We know that nobody wanted us, so we came back to our own country.

EICH. To your and the Arab's country.

ISR. We were here first.

EICH. Possession is nine-tenths of

the law. You say so yourselves. You say that you have me, so you can keep me.

ISR. There is a moral law that is higher than man-made law.

EICH. Who says so?

ISR. Our Prime Minister.

EICH. So did our Fuehrer when we exterminated the Jews.

ISR. You violated the law of humanity.

EICH. Does the law of humanity permit kidnaping a man to kill him?

ISR. We are a sovereign state. We are not answerable to anybody. That's what our Prime Minister says.

EICH. That's what our Fuehrer said.

ISR. We do what is good for the Jews.

EICH. We did what was good for the Germans.

ISR. But it didn't turn out that way in the end.

EICH. Nor will it for you, in the end. The next time around, somebody will say it is all right to do wrong to you because you did wrong to me.

ISR. No Jew will ever say we did wrong to you.

EICH. Some say it already.

ISR. Name one.

EICH. Mayer.

ISR. Never heard of him. An anti-Semite.

EICH. An anti-Semitic Jew, then.

ISR. There are plenty of them.

EICH. But you represent them, too. You are punishing me "in behalf of the Jewish people" for "crimes against the Jewish people."

ISR. Anti-Semitic Jews are not people.

EICH. We said that all Jews are not people, so you and we are not so far apart on that point. Besides, there aren't different kinds of Jews. A Jew is always a Jew.

ISR. That's what the Nazis said.

EICH. That's what you say when you claim to represent "the Jewish people." That's what the Americans said when they kidnaped 113,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry in 1942. The general who issued the order in behalf of the American government said, "A Jap is always a Jap."

ISR. We had nothing to do with that. We are not responsible for what other people do.

EICH. You mean that people who proclaim moral law and the law of humanity are not responsible for what other people do? You amaze me.

ISR. We don't care whether we amaze you or not. You won't talk your way out.

EICH. That's what we said to the Jews. But I have no other weapon, just like the Jews in the Third Reich.

ISR. But we have.

EICH. Just like us. You know, Caesar said of his victorious troops in Gaul, "Every day the conquerors become more like the conquered."

ISR. But we were not your conquerors. We were your victims. We were helpless and you killed us.

EICH. Our conquerors killed you first, by not wanting you. They penned you up in Germany, where we didn't want you either. What were we to do?

ISR. You could have let us alone.

EICH. What! To complete your pollution of the Aryan race! To Judaize our Christian country! Never!

ISR. "Christian country"! Did your Christ teach you to kill?

EICH. No, you did; you and your God of vengeance.

ISR. And you "Christians" rejected vengeance?

EICH. Of course not. No sensible Christian dares to. Perhaps if we could rid the world of the Jews—.

ISR. Always that.

EICH. Always that. And until that, we have to protect ourselves as best we can. We Nazis understand that. Go ahead and kill me.

ISR. We have to protect ourselves, too.

EICH. And you think you can protect yourselves by killing me? Killing *you* did not protect *us*, remember. If you didn't hate me and I didn't hate you, I would tell you what Morris Cohen said in America. It might help you some day.

ISR. Morris Cohen, the philosopher?

EICH. The same.

ISR. We Jews honor our Jewish philosophers. Tell us what he said, and we will consider it in possible mitigation.

EICH. What could mitigate the killing of four million Jews? I owe each of you a dozen deaths.

ISR. But we can do what we want with you. We don't have to kill you. We will do with you whatever is most useful to us.

EICH. That's what we told the Jews. We spared many useful Jews, even made honorary Aryans of them for DM. 400,000 apiece. Perhaps you will make an honorary Jew of me, if I am useful.

ISR. Tell us what Morris Cohen said. We honor our wise men.

EICH. It was in 1941, and he was talking to an American historian who wanted America to enter the war against Germany, and the historian said, "I just want to bash in a few Nazi heads before I die." (He had a chance to, a few months later, and you should have seen him fight for draft exemption.) And Morris Cohen said, "My friend, bashing in heads is for the ninety-six per cent, not for the four per cent."

ISR. You bashed in ours.

EICH. But we belonged to the ninety-six per cent.

ISR. But the rest of the ninety-six per cent bashed in yours.

EICH. But not because we bashed in yours.

ISR. Not all of ours.

EICH. Unfortunately, no; not that time around. We began too late, when our enemies gave us the green light by bombing and burning our cities in 1942. Before that, you know, there were only lynchings, like your "punitive raids" on the Arabs and theirs on you.

ISR. We are trying to save our civilization.

EICH. We were trying to save *all* civilization.

ISR. We are not so ambitious.

EICH. I thought you were "chosen" to do that.

ISR. First we must save our own.

EICH. Is that the purpose of punishing me?

ISR. Yes.

EICH. And how will my punishment accomplish that purpose?

ISR. By showing the world (as our Prime Minister says) that anti-Semitism is dangerous.

EICH. To whom? To the Jews?

ISR. No, to the anti-Semites.

EICH. You mean that my punishment will persuade people not to be anti-Semitic?

ISR. Yes.

EICH. But the really big shots were punished at Nuremberg in 1946. Did that persuade people not to be anti-Semitic? And what the Allies did to the Germans in 1943 and 1944 and 1945—believe me, that did not persuade the Germans to give up anti-Semitism. If a man hates the Jews, how do you convert him by beating him bloody and burning his house down? Don't you just make him more anti-Semitic?

ISR. If you do, then you have to kill him. That will "convert" him.

EICH. *(Aside)* That's how we "converted" the Jews. *(Aloud)* And his friends? Will you kill them, too?

ISR. If we have to.

EICH. And if they outnumber you?

ISR. Then we will die fighting.

EICH. Just like us.

ISR. Just like you.

EICH. But I thought you wanted to save the Jews.

ISR. We do.

EICH. But so did the Jews in America who wanted their country to enter the war, like the man Morris Cohen talked to. And when the war was over the Jews were dead.

ISR. But the Germans lost the war.

EICH. But the Jews were dead.

ISR. But the Germans had to pay the penalty.

EICH. Of course, just as you will, if you die fighting. But the important thing for you, I should think, was that the Jews were dead. The American Morris Cohen talked to said he wanted his country to enter the war to save the Jews. You see?

ISR. *You* tell *us* a better way of combating evil.

EICH. Why don't you let me go?

ISR. Let you go?

EICH. Why not? The world hates the Jews because it has done him harm. It knows that he will return harm for harm if he can. The world says, "We can not be merciful because the enemy isn't." The national enemy keeps changing, but the Jew is always the enemy everywhere. And self-defense is always the justification against every enemy. We defended ourselves against the Jews, you defend yourselves against the Nazis, the Russians and the Americans defend themselves against each other, and so it always is.

ISR. You want us to *let you go?*

EICH. If you let me go, you show the world that the Jew has given up the God of vengeance for the God of mercy even if the Christian hasn't. You accept Jesus, and the Christian denies him. But when the world sees that you no longer wish to do harm—even in retribution for harm done you—it will let you alone.

ISR. It never has.

EICH. You have never tried.

ISR. We're not taking any chances.

EICH. But *your* way you lose for sure. Remember Morris Cohen. *My* way you take a chance, yes, but at least you have a chance.

ISR. Is it the business of the Jews to convert the Christians to Christianity?

EICH. You claim to be "chosen." What were you "chosen" for? To bash in the heads of the ninety-six per cent? Don't be stupid. Even we Nazis didn't think you were stupid.

ISR. Are you pretending to be a Christian so as to get away?

EICH. Heaven forfend. I despise Christianity. Most Christians do, though they sing hymns to it on Sunday.

ISR. You're trying to talk your way out of paying the penalty for your crime, that's what you're doing.

EICH. *My* crime?

ISR. Yours. The "final settlement of the Jewish question" was delegated to you.

EICH. And since when does the delegate have to take responsibility for the principal? I was only a soldier, doing my duty. *(Aside)* Not that I minded doing it.

ISR. That's what they all said. That's what Goering said at Nuremberg.

EICH. It's true.

ISR. But the Nuremberg Tribunal rejected the defense of "superior orders." It held that the soldier's obligation to the moral law transcended his officer's orders.

EICH. That's a laugh, and the Tribunal knew it was a laugh. The whole thing was a laugh: Foreign generals hanging German soldiers for not disobeying superior orders. If one of their own soldiers disobeyed superior orders, they'd hang *him*. No soldier disobeys his superior officer in any country.

ISR. So you were innocent?

EICH. Of course I was.

ISR. And only Hitler was guilty?

EICH. Who says Hitler was guilty? He was the Head of State, but he was chosen by the German people. He had a *mandate* from them to do what he did.

ISR. Then the German people are guilty?

EICH. The American prosecutor at Nuremberg said, "These crimes were not the aberrations of individuals; on the contrary, the entire political and military machinery of the Third Reich had been mobilized to make them possible." So I suppose the German people were guilty. If you could get them all in your power, you could hang them all. But they are now the bulwark of the Free World. The Americans wouldn't let you hang them now; why don't you hang the Americans for not letting you hang the Germans?

ISR. The Americans didn't kill us.

EICH. They didn't have to. Early in 1933 an American university presi-

GUILT BY SUBPOENA

by PATRICK MURPHY MALIN

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The Progressive

Madison, Wisconsin

dent went to a rich Jew and said, "If you will give me $250,000 I'll bring all the greatest Jewish scholars of Germany over here," and the rich Jew said, "No. There are too many Jews here already." *There* is the man you ought to hang.

ISR. And we would, gladly.

EICH. But he was a "leader of American Jewry." You would have to hang all the American Jews (and, of course, non-Jews) who agreed with him.

ISR. And we would.

EICH. But there are more Jews in America than there are in Israel.

ISR. If they injured Jews, they are our enemies.

EICH. Why start with me, then?

ISR. We have to start somewhere.

EICH. Why?

ISR. Because the murder of four million Jews must be atoned for.

EICH. Atoned for, or avenged?

ISR. Both, if possible, but avenged in any case.

EICH. Why start with me then? Why not hang the man who sold us the Cyclon-B for the gas chambers, or the man who had the contracts for the crematories, or the man who used the Jews for slave labor in his munitions plants? *He* is the greatest industrialist in Germany now, and on his last birthday Adenauer sent him a telegram of congratulations. Why not hang Adenauer?

ISR. We'll start with you.

EICH. Why me? Why not the local policemen, thousands of them? They would have been shot if they had refused to round up the Jews for the death camps. Why not hang *them* for not wanting to be shot? Why me? *Everybody killed the Jews.*

ISR. We can't put everybody on trial.

EICH. You must, you must. *Everybody killed the Jews.*

ISR. Why?

THE FOUND GENERATION
by MILTON MAYER

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EICH. Everybody wants to kill, and nobody wants the Jews; so why not? That's the way it was with the Indians in America, with the kulaks in Russia, with the Christians in Rome. Everywhere, always. No government would dare declare war if it didn't know that its people want to kill. They don't even mind being killed, as long as they can kill. War lets them. That's why they accept war.

ISR. Don't judge all men by yourself, you Nazi swine.

EICH. *(Aside) We* used to say "Jewish swine." *(Aloud)* I judge them by you. Your Prime Minister says, "I do not believe that there was a single Jew in Israel who was not glad when he heard that Eichmann had been brought here." Why were they glad? Because they smelled blood. They wanted to kill, just like the Christians. Everybody wants to kill.

ISR. Everybody but you.

EICH. Everybody but me. That's why you can believe me. I'm the only man in the world who doesn't want to kill. I'm tired of killing. It bores me to think of it.

ISR. You can make that defense at your trial.

EICH. At my *what?*

ISR. At your trial.

EICH. *That* again? You are going to give me a "trial" when "there was not a single Jew in Israel who was not glad when he heard that Eichmann had been brought here"? Are you serious? A *trial?*

ISR. Our Prime Minister says, "If one can not get a fair trial here, there are no fair trials in the world."

EICH. But the law of every country forbids a man to judge his own case. This is your case. How can you judge me? You say I killed the Jews, and you represent the Jews. You are the *plaintiff,* not the judge. If one Israeli was accused of killing another, you wouldn't let the victim's family judge the accused. Why, you couldn't give me a fair trial if you wanted to—and, confidentially, I don't think you want to.

ISR. You will have a fair trial.

EICH. Who says so?

ISR. Our Prime Minister.

EICH. *(Aside)* Our Fuehrer. *(Aloud)* At Nuremberg the American prosecutor said that it was costing a hundred thousand dollars a day to conduct the trial, and Goering said, "All that money, just to hang us." Why don't you save your money and just hang me?

ISR. Because we want the world to know—.

EICH. The world knows already, and it doesn't care. It never did care. It heard all about it at Nuremberg and didn't care. It has forgotten the Nazis. It's after the Communists now—and the anti-Communists.

ISR. We will make it remember the Nazis.

EICH. You can't. You can't make people remember. That's their only escape from wanting to kill—to forget. You can kill them trying to make them remember, but even while you are killing them they will say, "I forget."

ISR. They *must* remember the Nazis.

EICH. They must *forget* the Nazis. You Jews, above all. Otherwise you will go on hating, and hatred makes people resemble the thing they hate. You will become Nazis unless you forget the Nazis. Why don't you let me go and forget about me?

ISR. Never.

EICH. Then why don't you turn me over to the United Nations?

ISR. Never.

EICH. Or to Sweden or India?

ISR. Never.

EICH. Or to Switzerland?

ISR. Never.

EICH. That's what the Allies said when people begged them to turn the Nuremberg defendants over to a neutral country. "Never." They were afraid that the neutrals would find the real enemy—Everybody. They wanted blood. They wanted "victor's justice." You want "victim's justice." What you're afraid of is justice, just like the Gentiles.

ISR. We want Jewish justice.

EICH. Why not human justice? Or are you admitting that we Nazis were right when we said the Jews weren't human?

ISR. We don't argue with Nazis about justice.

EICH. Bring on your "Jewish justice," then.

ISR. If you are found guilty in a fair trial, you will have to pay the penalty.

EICH. You will never collect it unless you hang me four million times. Even then you will have hanged the wrong man.

Explosion in Birmingham

by JAMES CLAYTON

ONE OF THOSE phenomenal events in American journalism which surprises almost everyone connected with it took place last spring and summer in Birmingham, Alabama. It all started quietly. A reporter for the New York *Times* slipped in and out of the city within forty-eight hours. Hardly anyone knew he was there. A few days later, when his report on life in Birmingham appeared in print, Birmingham exploded as if he had set off a bomb.

In the next few months, these things happened:

¶ The city commissioners of Birmingham and its neighbor, Bessemer, filed multi-million dollar libel suits against the *Times*.

¶ A grand jury in Bessemer indicted the reporter, Harrison E. Salisbury, for criminal libel.

¶ Almost all of those to whom Salisbury had talked during his brief stay were subpoenaed to testify before the grand jury. One of them, a young Methodist minister, spent a long weekend in jail when he refused to give the grand jury the records of his organization.

These are the things one can document about Birmingham's reaction to its encounter with the New York *Times*. But there are other things about Birmingham which have changed since Salisbury arrived there last March.

A reporter for a Northern newspaper or magazine is even less welcome there now than he was before. He finds that some of the city's most reputable citizens are relieved to learn he is telephoning them from a booth so that the call cannot be traced. He learns that other citizens and public officials are not available to him when they discover that he wants to talk about the racial situation there.

Equally disturbing to a newsman has been the reaction of the United States' press to Birmingham and the New York *Times*. With the exception of the Washington *Post*, which sent this writer to Birmingham last fall, no one seems to display much interest. Among Northern newsmen, the reaction appears to be either that the *Times* was right or that the situation is too touchy to handle. The attitude of Southern newsmen seems to be that Birmingham was right and the *Times* has its licks coming.

To many newsmen and observers generally, it must be conceded, the situation between Birmingham and the *Times* is so ridiculous as to be mere horse opera. But below the level of comedy, the situation has raised some fundamental questions about freedom of the press.

To understand these questions, it is necessary to review the events of the past year. Birmingham first learned of what it now calls Salisbury's assault when it read in the Birmingham *News* of April 13 a column which E. L. Holland, Jr., editor of its editorial page, had written from Princeton, New Jersey. Holland had just arrived in Princeton for a conference on industrial development in the South when a friend handed him that morning's edition of the *Times* which carried Salisbury's story on Birmingham. Holland was floored. The closing paragraph of his column in the *News* set the tone for all that has happened since: "That headline [in the *Times*] says worlds: 'FEAR AND HATRED GRIP BIRMINGHAM.' This is the big lie. Perhaps the biggest of all. Salisbury has done his damage, Radio Moscow please copy . . ."

A day later, Birmingham learned what Salisbury had said under that headline. The *Post-Herald*, the other Birmingham paper, ran the entire story with an editorial saying, "Fear and hatred do not grip Birmingham. Mob rule has not and we are determined will not take over."

The story which had so upset the city was a grim and stark one. Salisbury wrote of a city where race relations are so delicately balanced that even a minor wave of sit-ins sends "convulsive tremors" through its structure. The reaction to the sit-ins, he wrote, "has been new manifestations of fear, force, and terror punctuated by striking acts of courage."

"Whites and blacks still walk the same streets," he said, "but the streets, the water supply, and the sewer system are about the only public facilities they share. . . . Every channel of communication, every reasoned approach, every inch of middle ground has been fragmented by the emotional dynamite of racism, reinforced by the whip, the razor, the gun, the bomb, the torch, the club, the knife, the mob, the police, and many branches of the state's apparatus."

Salisbury cited many instances of violence and brutality to back up his statements. He said that Birmingham's Police Commissioner Eugene "Bull" Conner was elected in 1958 on a race-hate program. He quoted one Negro as saying, "The difference between Johannesburg and Birmingham is that here they have not opened fire with the tanks and big guns."

To all of this, Holland responded, "An amazing recital of untruths and semi-truths, employed to justify the conclusions obviously implanted in the writer's mind before he ever crossed the Mason-Dixon line, has provided the nation with a picture of Birmingham maliciously bigoted, noxiously false, viciously distorted." Connor called the stories "a cheap

JAMES CLAYTON, an editorial staff member of the Washington Post, recently wrote a special series of articles for that paper on the Birmingham case.

attempt to smear our city and state." They show, he said, "that the mighty and glorified *Times* wears only the mask of fair news reporting; that the face behind the mask is one of bigotry and hate. The mighty has fallen into the mud—and the once good gray *Times* has turned yellow."

To many of Birmingham's residents—those who sit in "The Club" and watch the city from its calm and placid residential districts—the reaction expressed by Holland and Connor was the reaction they felt. The city which Salisbury had written of was not the city they know. It is hard to imagine from "The Club" that Birmingham could be a city of fear and terror. It is hard to imagine that anyone would be unhappy with his lot in this prosperous steel city.

But among some Birmingham residents—not all of them Negroes—there was appreciation for Salisbury's stories. These people say that he wrote of a city they know, a city where the races have existed separately, never equally, but always peacefully, in the past. Their question is how long Birmingham will stay that way.

Two weeks later, the *Times* printed a letter from Birmingham's three commissioners demanding a retraction. Turner Catledge, the *Times'* managing editor and a Southerner by birth, retracted nothing.

The commissioners complained about nineteen specific statements in the story, several of which are quoted above. They also objected to the headline and to such statements as that mail had been intercepted and telephone lines tapped. When the libel suits were eventually filed, these were items upon which libel was alleged.

In reply, Catledge said that Salisbury was a "reliable and experienced reporter." He had won a Pulitzer Prize for reporting from Russia, Catledge noted. If the *Times* discovered any inaccuracies in the story, he added, it would correct them. There have been no corrections.

During the next month, there was a series of behind-the-scenes discussions. On May 4, the *Times* published a front page statement prepared by two leading residents of Birmingham, William P. Engel and Mortimer H. Jordan. It said: "Birmingham people do not see themselves in the image Mr. Salisbury has drawn of them. We have a community where people, regardless of race, creed or color, live a good life. Certainly we have extremists—but what city does not have? Yes, we have isolated cases of violence—but what city does not have such . . .?" It spelled out some pleasant facts about Birmingham: Negro teachers earn slightly more on the average than white teachers; the economic level of Negroes there is higher than in any other Southern city; the city is spending heavily on Negro schools.

Two days later, the first of several libel suits was filed. The fight between Birmingham and the *Times* turned to the courts. It was then that the first freedom of the press issue developed. The Birmingham city commissioners filed their civil libel suits against Salisbury and the *Times* in Federal District Court in Alabama. The *Times* promptly protested that it could not be sued in Alabama. After a long and careful hearing, the District Judge ruled against the *Times*, and ordered the cases brought to trial. The *Times* has carried the matter to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals where it now rests.

Most of the newspaper editors who are aware of this ruling find in it baleful consequences. Newspapers had assumed that they could be sued only on their home grounds—where they are published or mainly circulate. This had been a general rule which applied to both corporations and individuals to avoid the hostility of juries in a jurisdiction to which a person or a corporation might be a stranger.

Over the years, a new concept has slowly evolved. As the nation changed from a collection of communities with great individual pride and some prejudice into a solidified country, the courts relaxed the rule. Corporations have been held subject to suit in any jurisdiction in which they commit a wrong. But the new rule has never been applied to newspapers on the grounds that they do not come within the judicial language of "doing business" in a particular state unless they are doing a major portion of their business there. The Federal Court in Alabama, however, held that the *Times* was "doing business" in Alabama when it sent Salisbury there.

Projected to its logical extent, this ruling means that any newspaper is subject to suit in any locality to which it sends a reporter. Newspaper editors argue that this will mean a decrease in newsgathering. They cite what has happened to the *Times* in another series of cases in Alabama where the same rule was applied in a state court.

In those cases, the *Times* and four Negro ministers were sued for libel allegedly contained in an advertisement which the ministers signed and which the *Times* printed. In the first two cases tried before an Alabama state court, the juries returned verdicts of $500,000 in each case against the ministers and the *Times*. In one of those cases, the plaintiff testified that he had not been damaged by the advertisement even though he said it libeled him. The jury's verdict was based obviously on the theory of punishing the *Times* and the ministers. Many lawyers, including many in Alabama, do not think that any jury outside of Alabama would have returned a verdict for more than a few dollars, if anything.

The *Times* has appealed those verdicts but because the ministers failed to note an appeal promptly in the first case, some of their personal property has already been seized by the Alabama court to satisfy the judgment. Now a countersuit against several Alabama officials—including the Governor—has been filed by the ministers in an effort to block prosecution of the remaining libel suits and restrain the state from taking

more of their property. The ministers all testified at the two trials so far completed that they did not know their names were to be a part of the advertisement, which was signed by many persons active in the civil rights field. The apparent reason why they were sued, while the other signers were not, is that they live in Alabama. But by making the ministers a party to those suits along with the *Times*, the plaintiffs were able to block the *Times* from transferring the cases from the state court to a Federal court.

The nation's press, instead of being aroused by the harassment of the *Times* in Alabama, has chosen, with a few honorable exceptions, to ignore the situation.

The second issue of freedom of the press arose when Birmingham began to react to what Salisbury had written in the *Times*. Its citizens and its officials protested. Those who thought they had been libeled filed damage suits. Then a grand jury in nearby Bessemer began its own investigation of what had happened.

Shortly after the libel actions were filed, the attorneys for the Birmingham commissioners demanded a list of all persons to whom Salisbury had talked in Alabama. This was denied when Salisbury claimed a privilege granted newsmen under Alabama law not to reveal their sources of information. Then Bessemer officials subpoenaed from the hotel where Salisbury had stayed a list of all the telephone calls he made while he was there. This gave them the telephone numbers of his contacts; it also warned newsmen who go to Birmingham not to use hotel telephones.

In mid-August, Howard Sullinger, a deputy circuit solicitor for Bessemer, announced that a grand jury had been called for August 29. He was quoted as saying, "If conditions as described in the *Times* articles are found actually to exist, our grand jury will do all it can to remedy those conditions. If they don't exist, our county and city officials and every law enforcement agency in the county have been libeled and slandered."

He invited Salisbury to testify, but Salisbury declined on the advice of his attorneys. They feared that he might be arrested on a warrant for criminal libel if he went back to Alabama. An affidavit in the court files says that one witness was told on August 25 by Sullinger's office that he was to be a witness "with respect to a proposed indictment of Harrison E. Salisbury for criminal libel . . ." The grand jury listened to testimony for six days, hearing most of the people to whom Salisbury had talked. Then it used an hour to deliberate on what it had heard and to draw up and vote upon a forty-two-count indictment of Salisbury. It is apparently the first indictment for criminal libel in Alabama in twenty-five years.

Mauldin in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Inch by Inch

During this week of hearings, however, the spotlight moved from Salisbury to a young Methodist minister named Robert Hughes. Hughes had been working quietly in Birmingham for two years on interracial projects—so quietly, in fact, that many of the residents did not know he existed. But the Ku Klux Klan and the Methodist Layman's Union did know of him.

The Layman's Union is an organization which worked hard to get through the Alabama legislature a bill allowing churches to withdraw from their parent national headquarters under certain conditions. The purpose, according to the Birmingham newspapers, is to give Alabama Methodist churches a way out if the Methodist church hierarchy ever pushes for desegregation. Some members of this group, which includes public officials in the Birmingham area, had expressed interest in knowing whether other Methodist ministers were contributing to Hughes' group.

On the Tuesday before Labor Day, Hughes was served with a subpoena requiring him to bring his records, including those of contributors, to the grand jury. He decided to fight the demand for his records. The fight whipped quickly through the Alabama courts, with Hughes losing on every score. As the case reached the United States Supreme Court on an emergency petition late that Friday, the grand jury asked that Hughes be arrested for refusing to answer its questions. Hughes spent the weekend in jail before Sullinger issued a second subpoena the following Tuesday directing Hughes to testify but not requiring him to bring his records. Immediately after Hughes testified and was released, the grand jury began its deliberations and returned its indictment. The officials called upon Salisbury to come to Alabama to stand trial. He has not returned.

Birmingham lawyers who have looked into the indictment and the civil libel suits point out some unusual facets. Salisbury was apparently indicted under a statute making it a crime to publish something which tends to provoke a breach of the peace. Yet no one can point to any breaches of the peace which the New York publication of his stories provoked. One lawyer called the indictment "silly." Another pointed out that any breach of the peace which might have occurred was probably provoked by the republication of the stories in the Birmingham papers. Similarly, any damage which the commissioners may have suffered probably came from the republication. Comparatively few readers of the New York *Times* are likely to know any of the Alabama officials, yet the civil libel suit claims they were damaged both personally and politically.

There is no doubt, however, that some Birmingham residents think both the indictment and the civil libel suit are justified; they think

their city was badly slandered. Others think it is good politics to whip the New York newspapers as an Eastern influence seeking to desegregate the schools. This raises the question of what a city does when it thinks it is wronged by a newspaper. It also raises the question of whether Birmingham was wronged. The answer to either question is not easy.

Birmingham is a delightful city to live in—*if*. *If* you believe in segegration as a way of life. *If* you wish to keep things between the races precisely as they are today. *If* you can overlook some of the events that occasionally make the Birmingham newspapers. But if you think something is wrong with segregation as a guiding principle of life and if that is a matter of conscience with you, Birmingham is not so delightful. Nor is it a source of joy if you happen to be a Negro resident.

The political leadership of the city has taken the position that segregation is Birmingham's way of life. The newspapers generally agree. When seven young Negroes attempted a sit-in at four downtown stores last summer, they were arrested with a show of force. Police Commissioner Bull Connor said: "We don't care what the Democrats and Republicans say in their platforms about sit-ins. They might as well make up their minds they're not going to 'sit-in' in Birmingham." Eleven young men and women and two ministers who were convicted of trespass in other sit-in demonstrations each received sentences of 180 days in jail and a $100 fine.

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On September 1, while the grand jury was meeting on the Salisbury case, the Birmingham *Post-Herald* told the story of a twenty-year-old Negro named Oscar Jones and a twenty-four-year-old white man named Mack London. Jones got on a bus and sat next to London. London asked him to move on the ground that there were empty seats in the rear where Negroes customarily sit. Jones refused.

"London then testified he struck the Negro after the latter 'balled up his fist' and put his hand on the white man's leg," the *Post-Herald* reported. Both were arrested and convicted of disorderly conduct. Jones was fined $100 and sentenced to 180 days in jail. London was fined $30 and costs. "Lawyers and court spectators," the *Post Herald* said, "took up a collection to pay London's fine."

On the same page, the newspaper reported: "Crosses were burned at five white grammar and high schools last night. There were no witnesses . . . A Klan spokesman said earlier that fifty crosses were to be burned."

To Negroes and to whites who are trying to change the segregated pattern of Birmingham life, these are examples of what they can expect.

The real question in Birmingham is not what happened last month or last year but what will happen in the future. When I asked a distinguished citizen what will happen on the day the first Birmingham white school is desegregated, he looked out the window for a long time, slowly shook his head, and said, "I don't know. I wish I did."

To him, to some other Birmingham natives, and to most visitors, the city is running up a dead-end street. Led, or mis-led, by its politicians, Birmingham has begun to believe that desegregation can be postponed, perhaps indefinitely, by just saying that it will never happen. Only recently has the press begun to tell its readers that they must face the day when schools will either be desegregated or closed.

Whether violence erupts in Birmingham then may depend largely upon Police Commissioner Connor. A small but tough man, Connor has been a city commissioner for nineteen of the last twenty-three years. He says he has no hatred for Negroes.

But last year, in a speech at Selma, Alabama, he said: "Yes, we are on the one-yard line. Our backs are to the wall. Do we let them go over for a touchdown or do we raise the Confederate flag as did our forefathers and tell them . . . 'You shall not pass' . . .?" Those were his closing remarks in a speech in which he said the Negroes "don't want racial equalization at all. The Negroes want black supremacy."

Backing Connor strongly in his actions as Police Commissioner are both Birmingham newspapers. The *News* says Connor attempts to enforce the law fairly. The *Post-Herald* has a star columnist, John Temple Graves, who says Connor has done a fine job "as Police Commissioner of the potentially key city in the integration crisis." Graves' general position on race questions is best illustrated by his calling the civil rights plank of the Democratic platform in 1960 the "Congo plank."

Birmingham's newspapers, and its political leaders, clearly look upon their city as the hope of white supremacy in the South. They feel that if it caves in to the demand of the Negro for equal rights, the fight for "the Southern way of life" will be over. What will happen eventually in Birmingham no one knows. Its streets and sidewalks are as quiet and safe today as are those of the average industrial city. Its leaders are sure they can keep them that way by keeping the Negro "in his place." But some of its citizens believe that the leaders may be wrong.

CRISIS in the Hospitals

by SELIG GREENBERG

This is the first of two articles on hospital costs by Selig Greenberg, writer on medical problems for the Providence, Rhode Island, Journal and Evening Bulletin. *Mr. Greenberg has twice been honored by the Lasker Foundation for his distinguished writing on medicine. He won the Associated Press Managing Editors Association Award for his series of articles on the problems of the aged.*
—THE EDITORS

THE NATION'S HOSPITALS—the outposts of our phenomenal medical progress—are now confronted with a profound crisis, at the very time they are advancing toward ever greater miracles of healing and life-saving. Soaring hospital costs and hospitalization insurance rates have brought a rising tide of public concern, expressed in demands for greater efficiency in hospital operation, and for reforms in the prevailing patterns of health insurance. Across the country labor unions, business firms, citizens' groups, and public officials are calling for controls on skyrocketing costs, curbs on services which are either wholly unnecessary or could be furnished less expensively, and a more rational and coherent system that will get the most out of the medical care dollar. Increasingly, warnings are heard from responsible sources that the squeeze of spiraling costs may price voluntary insurance out of the market and force full government control of our whole complex of health services.

There is probably no more explosive issue in the entire controversial field of medical economics than that of hospital costs. For it is here, more than in any other area of medical care, that the problems of the technological revolution in medicine are rapidly coming to a head.

Hospital services now not only account for the largest single portion of the nation's health care bill, but they are at the heart of our system of medical practice. As medicine grows more intricate and its tools more elaborate, the trend inevitably is toward increasing concentration of medical services within the hospital. And it is the very triumphs of medicine which are catapulting costs. Nowhere is this more evident than in the hospitals, which have become a large-scale and complex business requiring the coordination of a great array of professional skills and huge capital investment in expensive facilities and equipment.

Basically, the crisis of hospital function and financing stems from the fact that we are both the beneficiaries and the victims of the remarkable progress of medicine which has brought us better health and longer life but also has enormously complicated the rendering of medical services and raised their costs. The revolution in medicine is far from over, and hospitals have yet to fulfill their growing potential. Further scientific advances will unavoidably mean still costlier diagnostic and treatment procedures, more elaborate and expensive equipment, and an even greater need for technical personnel. A continued rise in hospital costs thus appears inescapable. So it is all the more vital to eliminate the waste, duplication, and lack of integrated planning now common in the hospital field. If there are ways of operating hospitals more efficiently and economically—as many authorities believe there are—the public certainly has the right to insist on getting full value at the lowest possible price consistent with high quality.

Good hospital care clearly cannot be produced cheaply. But if costs are to be kept within acceptable bounds and quality improved, we will need a much higher degree of self-discipline by the medical profession and a far greater readiness on the part of hospitals to yield some of the privileges of their cherished autonomy than have so far been evident. It is no exaggeration to say that the future of the organization of medical care and practice in the United States depends on the extent to which the doctors and the hospitals can be prevailed upon to recognize that their business is the public's business.

The statistics of rising hospital costs and utilization are instructive and sobering.

For a number of years, hospital room charges have been advancing at a much faster rate than any other item in the United States Department of Labor's consumer price index. The overall index, which is pegged at 100 for the 1947-49 period, had risen to 124.6 by the end of 1959. At that time the index for all medical care services put together stood at 150.8. But for hospital room rates it was 208.9.

In 1946, the average cost per patient day in voluntary hospitals was $9.39. By 1959, it had jumped to $30.19, an increase of more than 220 per cent. Nor is the end of the spiral anywhere in sight. Experts are generally agreed that hospital costs will continue to rise at the rate of five to ten per cent a year. A spokesman for the American Hospital Association has predicted that the average cost per patient day may reach $50 by 1968.

Of equal importance in contributing to the steady climb of the nation's hospital bill is the striking increase in the rate of hospitalization. Thirty years ago, 37 out of every 1,000 Americans were admitted to general hospitals in the course of a year. Since then the ratio of hospital admissions has zoomed to 124. A variety of factors has figured in this upward trend. For one thing, hospitals can do much more for the

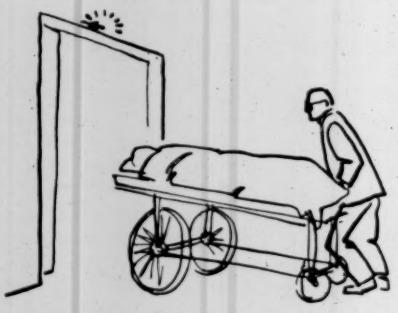
sick than they could two or three decades ago. Widespread insurance coverage has removed much of the economic deterrent to hospital care for those in the middle and low-income groups. In the nation's population there has been a steady increase in the numbers and in the proportion of older people, who have a higher incidence of chronic diseases requiring more frequent hospitalization. Many conditions of modern city living make for significantly higher hospital use than in rural areas. The large proportion of working wives means that often there is no one at home to take care of a sick husband or child. The high price of household or nursing help to care for the sick at home and the limited size of city apartments also force up the hospitalization rate.

The net effect of higher costs of hospital care and its much greater frequency has been a tripling of expenditures for hospital services in the United States in the past fifteen years. Out of a total private medical care outlay of $18.3 billion in 1959, payments to hospitals were $5.5 billion, the biggest single share and $500,000,000 more than the amount paid to physicians. The latest available breakdown shows that thirty cents out of every medical care dollar now goes to hospitals, twenty-seven cents to doctors, twenty-six cents for drugs and appliances, eleven cents to dentists, and the remaining six cents for other professional services.

There are many sound reasons for the continued rise in hospital operating costs. A United States Public Health Service official has summed them up with the cogent observation that "when we talk about the cost of medical care today as compared to the past, we're talking about the price of an electric washer-dryer compared to a washtub."

There is no ready solution for the costliness of new and more effective medical procedures, more elaborate surgery, and more potent drugs. Such dramatic advances as open-heart surgery, artificial kidneys, heart pacemaker units, cobalt radiation treatment, and radioisotopes to pinpoint internal abnormalities are restoring patients to health sooner and more completely, and, frequently, are saving lives which otherwise would be lost. But some of these miraculous procedures are enormously expensive, requiring dozens of physicians and technicians for a single patient.

As productivity has gone up, industry has been able to shorten its work week. But hospitals cannot shorten their week. They must remain open 168 hours a week, 52 weeks a year. To keep pace with the standard forty-hour week in the community, hospitals have been forced to hire many new employes to fill each around-the-clock job. They also have been obliged to bring their lagging wage scales closer to those of private industry. While raising its wage level, industry has often managed to cut its labor costs through automation. But hospitals cannot substitute machines for people. On the contrary, as available life-saving services proliferate and newly-developed equipment is constantly added, more rather than fewer people are required to operate them. In 1946 voluntary hospitals in the United States had, on the average, 156 employes for every 100 patients. By now the ratio of employes for each 100 patients has risen to 225. Whereas in the automobile industry wages currently account for only



about one-third of production costs, payroll expenditures have shot up to seventy per cent of hospital budgets.

New medical sophistication has made hospital care an accepted component of the average American's standard of living. The public learns quickly these days of new medical discoveries through the press, radio, and television. The more people learn about medical progress, the more they are likely to go to the hospital, where the latest advances can be most effectively applied. The rising standard of living also has brought a demand for more attractive hospital facilities. Hospitals are expected to match the comforts of motels by way of air conditioning, piped-in radio, perhaps television, and certainly window draperies. The new standards also call for a telephone at the bedside and some choice of menu. While the effect of these niceties on the patient's recovery is debatable, their effect on the hospital's unit costs is obvious.

Another element in the picture has been the sharp increase in new hospital construction throughout the country. This expansion has been, in general, a laudable development. Antiquated buildings have in many places been replaced, and additional bed space has been provided to keep pace with the forward march of medical science. But we have lagged in developing more economical facilities such as hospital outpatient clinics and adequate nursing and convalescent homes for chronic patients. Concentration upon the expansion of costly hospital bed capacity designed primarily for the acutely ill is wasteful. Competent opinion is that the more hospital beds are available, the greater is the tendency toward admissions for relatively trivial ailments and for longer-than-necessary stays, particularly when such abuse is encouraged by the benefit structure of hospitalization insurance.

The fact that patients now go home much sooner than they used to—the average length of hospital stay has been cut in the past 30 years from 15.3 to 7.8 days—is in itself far from an unmixed blessing.

The shorter stay means that more intensive treatment is concentrated within a shorter period of time, so that daily costs are higher. An additional cost factor in more rapid patient turnover is that chances are greater there will be vacant beds which have to be staffed but produce no income. One of the paradoxes of the hospital cost problem is that it is the result of both overuse and insufficient use of facilities. On the one

hand, hospital beds are sometimes used needlessly for patients who could just as well be taken care of elsewhere at much lower cost. On the other hand, hospital facilities are not utilized as efficiently as they should be, with the result that about one bed out of four is usually empty, and in some institutions the average occupancy rate is even lower. Low occupancy means a correspondingly heavier proportion of overhead in daily per patient costs.

Much wider use of hospital services and their greater costliness have been reflected, inevitably, in steadily climbing hospitalization insurance rates. As Blue Cross and other plans throughout the country have repeatedly been forced to seek premium hikes, growing attention has been focused on the urgent need for eliminating hospital inefficiencies and needless use of expensive facilities. An important point to bear in mind is that hospital costs are no longer solely the concern of patients and their families. With the phenomenal spread of health insurance, which now covers more than two out of every three Americans, the hospital bill is being underwritten by the healthy as well as the sick. This means that the public is more and more looking upon hospital costs not only in terms of charges for services rendered but also in terms of the monthly cost of insurance.

Rate hearings before state insurance commissioners have increasingly provided a platform for the critics of hospital efficiency and of the effect which the present health insurance system has upon it.

Such hearings in New York, Pennsylvania, and a number of other states have produced charges that the prevailing insurance approach lays too much emphasis on hospitalization, ignoring possibilities for more economical treatment of many conditions in the doctor's office or in outpatient clinics; that Blue Cross—and Blue Shield, its companion surgical-medical insurance program—have built-in incentives for getting between hospital sheets merely to take advantage of insurance benefits; that hospitals could do considerably more than they have been doing to keep down their operating costs; that because of the general lack of overall community planning and integration in the hospital field there is duplication and overlapping of personnel, equipment, and services; that much of the present organization of hospital services, revolving around the doctor as a private entrepreneur, has become inefficient in the context of the growing complexity of medicine and must be drastically revamped to take advantage of opportunities for greater productivity and lower costs; and that the public is not adequately represented in the management of the voluntary hospitals and the insurance plans.

Wall Street Journal

"I Think You're Well Enough to Go Back to Work Now. Your Blue Cross Has Run Out."

The adverse effect of health insurance, which now provides the greatest share of hospital income, in relaxing many of the pressures for economy in hospital operations is emphasized in the report of the Commission on Financing of Hospital Care. The Commission, sponsored by the American Hospital Association and made up of a distinguished group of authorities, concluded after a lengthy study that the emergence of insurance as a major factor in medical economics has "to some degree reduced, if not removed, incentives that would otherwise operate to encourage maintenance of hospital operating costs at the lowest level practicable."

The Commission's report points out that prior to the extensive use of insurance, when people were required to pay the full bill directly to the hospital, there were "natural economic restraints" on costs, and lower-cost institutions providing services of equally good quality enjoyed a competitive advantage in attracting more patients. But with the introduction through insurance of "a new element in the relationship between cost and use of services," the report says, Blue Cross, as "the intermediary between the purchaser of hospital care and the hospital, must inevitably assume some functions previously the direct responsibility of patient or hospital."

One of those holding that "genuine economies can be made by hospitals without lessening quality of service," and that Blue Cross should insist on such economies instead of merely acting as a collection agency for the hospitals, is Francis R. Smith, Pennsylvania's dynamic state insurance commissioner.

Smith, who feels that his authority to pass on Blue Cross premium rates goes much further than the checking of actuarial tables and extends to the things which pyramid costs, has for several years been preaching the doctrine that neither the hospitals nor Blue Cross have done all they can and should to control such abuses as unnecessary admissions and excessively protracted stays and to put into effect other efficiency measures. And the commissioner has used his legal powers to enforce his views. In a series of trail-blazing decisions, he has ordered Blue Cross and the hospitals in Philadelphia and other cities to adopt certain economy measures before any further insurance rate boosts would be granted. Among the economy possibilities he has advocated are wider use of opportunities for outpatient diagnosis and treatment, tighter controls on the scheduling of admissions and discharges and on length of stay, better scheduling of medical procedures to avoid needless delays, more effective use of technicians and nurses, sharing of specialized equipment among hospitals, and greater standardization of supplies along with joint purchasing.

Considerable progress has been achieved in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and other Pennsylvania communities under Smith's prodding during the past two years. Blue Cross plans have developed medical review teams to

ferret out abuse of insurance contracts. They have expanded their coverage of diagnostic services and home nursing visits, in order to cut down hospitalization. Hospitals have organized medical utilization committees to check on needless admissions and excessive stays. They also are moving to achieve greater management efficiencies and to coordinate expansion through joint planning.

While hospitals are a big enterprise but not a business in the ordinary sense of that term, Smith said in a recent speech, "This does not mean that hospitals cannot be businesslike. More needs to be done in applying common sense business practices and methods to hospitals—wherever they will apply."

The Role of Law in World Affairs

by WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

This article by William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is adapted from a paper prepared for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

—THE EDITORS

ALFRED TENNYSON wrote of the time when "the battle flags were furl'd in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world." There have been several times since those lines were penned when some had the notion that we were on the edge of having a full-fledged world parliament. The illusion always was dispelled; and cynics rested more secure than ever in the smugness of their brand of nationalism. Yet the world has made greater progress than we are prone to think in developing important parts of the framework of a world system of law.

The United Nations is today the expression of world opinion that the cult or regime of force must be replaced by a measure of world law. Today there are only a few nations that have nuclear weapons. In ten to twenty years, how many nations will not have the secret? We are told that there will be at least fifteen nations producing nuclear weapons in the 1960's, including Red China. When atomic bombs, as a result of new discoveries, get into "the ten dollar" class, what international gangster will be without one? What Hitler will appear with mad dreams? What adventurer will think he may be able to pull it off so that he in truth runs the world? What leader with cold calculation may be willing to sacrifice twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, a hundred million, or even more of his own people to gain leverage on the whole world through a sudden nuclear attack?

Rational people the world over are disturbed by these thoughts. Reason, as well as fear, is propelling them to place their hopes in joint action to protect the very earth from being so poisoned by radioactive fallout that human life is jeopardized or even ended.

Another force, though of lesser proportions, is at work bringing the nations together. We witness in this half of the century a great emergence of new nations. Fifteen new African nations plus Cyprus were admitted to the United Nations at its recent meeting. Centuries of colonialism have ended; nations or races long subjugated by outside regimes are gaining their independence. They are weak, inexperienced, fragile. They came into their inheritances at a time when world forces are aligned into powerful blocs that might make these new countries pawns in the old game of power politics. Many at least remember the old African proverb, "When the bull elephant fights, the grass is trampled down." Moreover, none wants to become either a puppet of an imperialistic regime or a Communist satellite. Neither alternative is attractive to those young nations. If independence is to be kept, as well as achieved, they must have a refuge, a sanctuary where they can feel secure. The United Nations satisfies that craving for security. And its early success in the Congo, in protecting the new nation from the internal machinations of foreign powers, dramatized its usefulness as nothing else at this juncture of history could do.

One handicap of the United Nations today is that it excludes groups that should be included. With the admission of Nigeria the number of members has reached 99. Red China is still excluded. Yet Red China, in which nearly a fourth of the people of the world live, is apparently more than a transitory government. She is established more firmly than a mere *de facto* regime. Professor Tuzo Wilson of Toronto University in *One Chinese Moon* (1959) makes startling disclosures as to her progress in science. We can assume she will have her own atomic warheads before long. Meanwhile, she is an obstreperous, aggressive nation. Her tactics against India have added up to calculated aggression. While she was talking peace and friendship, she actually was annexing Indian territory in northern Ladakh. Her tactics against Tibet have exceeded in ruthlessness the actions of Russia in Hungary.

These Tibetan and Indian ventures on the part of Red China make her an outlaw in any accurate use of the word. Being an outlaw may seem in logic to be a reason for barring her from the United Nations. But in

reality how can an outlaw be kept outside the United Nations and yet disciplined by it? There is today no tribunal to which Red China can be made to account. There is no assembly or council before which she can be summoned. Cold practicalities make admission of Red China necessary, accompanied, of course, by a settlement of the many tangled but pressing problems between this country and Red China.

The United Nations has weathered stormy seas. On June 27, 1950, when the Security Council at the initiative of President Truman resolved to furnish such assistance "to the Republic of Korea as may be necessary to repel the armed attack" by North Korea and "to restore international peace and security in the area," world opinion stood behind it. The Communist bloc was of course opposed. But the forty odd nations approved. India's views represented perhaps the common denominator of thinking in all capitals. For she stated that she was "opposed to any attempt to settle international disputes by resort to aggression."

That indeed was a new principle of international law which had been forged by experience. It is embodied in the Charter of the United Nations: "to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace, and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace." The United Nations' action in Korea was the first time the outlawry of aggression was implemented by direct, military action by the community of nations. Aggressive war had become too dangerous to the world community to be allowed; so it was denounced, and joint action was taken to bring forceful sanctions against it. This was noble, principled, responsible action that gave power and force to a newly-forged tenet of international law.

The Soviets soon denounced the United Nations police action in Korea as "war"—a "war" that the United States inspired and conducted under the cloak of the United Nations. Eisenhower in his campaign speech of September 4, 1952, gave ammunition to the Soviets. He too called the police action in Korea a "war." The expediency of American politics caused the vital distinction between United Nations' "police action" and "war" to become blurred and confused. We stepped backwards, retreating temporarily from the principled decision that "aggressive war" called for world action against the aggressor.

Since those days we have regained some of the lost ground. On November 2, 1956, the General Assembly voted sixty-four to five for a cease-fire on the actions undertaken against Egypt. Later that month it created an international command force of the United Nations to supervise the cessation of hostilities; in a matter of days hostilities ceased.

When the Republic of the Congo asked for help from the United Nations to maintain its government from the machinations of a foreign power, and when, in response, the Security Council on July 13, 1960, resolved to extend that aid, the principle of the independence of nations was strengthened. Protection of a nation against aggression from without was extended to protection against any form of intervention by a foreign power. The action of the United Nations in the Congo plus the defeat of Soviet efforts to sabotage it and capitalize on the disorder and chaos have brought United Nations' prestige to a new high. There is warrant for the optimism that its growing achievements presage a new period of growth for effective international law. And this will remain so, whatever happens in the Congo. The United Nations has played an essential role there. What is at stake now is the effect of a long stay of outside forces in a nation that cannot find its leaders, the purity of motives of all participants, and the continued faith of the majority of the nations in the United Nations' personnel. But the principle that the United Nations stands ready to protect a people in their right to run their own affairs and that the troops sent there are engaged in "police action" in the cause of peace rather than in "war" has promise of becoming a sturdy one in international law.

Mauldin in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

An even broader advance in international law is needed. It was broached by President Eisenhower in his address to the United Nations Assembly on September 22, 1960. Referring to the African situation in particular he emphasized five points:

"Non-interference in the African countries' internal affairs.

"Help in assuring their security without wasteful and dangerous competition in armaments.

"Emergency aid in Congo.

"International assistance in shaping long term African development programs.

"United Nations aid for education."

As the world is evolving, there are few, if any, nations that can go it alone. None is an isolated, insulated unit. Sovereignty may in theory be entirely in local hands, yet the very need for raw materials or food or loans or technicians from abroad creates a dependency on other nations. There are not many examples of self-sufficiency, as our own economy illustrates.

The dependency of nations on each other is developing international collectivism in myriad forms. This is a healthy growth of collectivism of which the free world is a part. It is, indeed, one of the aims of the United Nations as expressed in Article I, "to achieve international cooperation in solving international problems of an economic, social, cultural, or humanitarian character." The development of supranational

institutions of an administrative character will in time result in the emergency of patterns or codes of administrative procedure.

The list of agencies through which cooperative or collective action is taken by a group of nations is constantly increasing. The specialized agencies of the United Nations alone make a formidable list. Each operates under a regime of international law. And the contracts, engagements, assignments, and undertakings that they assume set precedents and practices that may in time become firmly imbedded in international law.

The recent achievement of the International Bank of Reconstruction and Development, headed by Eugene Black, in settling the Indus River dispute between Pakistan and India is international law in operation. The process was not adjudication or legislation, the procedures we normally identify with "law." This was mediation and conciliation at a high level, procedures that have been constituent parts of our own domestic legal system for years.

Whenever nations work together through a common agency, they submit to a regime of international law. The European countries and the South American countries which have established common markets work conspicuously in the role of supranational groups. When the Inner Six and Outer Seven conduct business, a rule of law that is international in character moves into operation.

National courts have sat as prize courts in many cases, applying international law. Much of the fabric of our law is in truth international law. The more international the activities of a nation and its people, the more they weave a web of international practice, custom, and law.

There are of course many tribunals of international character which apply a rule of law in a supranational manner. The Court of Justice of the European Coal and Steel Community is one of many. *Ad hoc* arbitral tribunals have been commonly used. The United Nations in 1958 proposed a Convention on the Recognition and Enforcement of Foreign Arbitral Awards. Though the United States has not joined it, the Convention became effective on June 7, 1959, Israel, Morocco, and the United Arab Republic having ratified it. Arbitration is not mediation or conciliation but a determination according to law.

Congress has reflected the growing faith in the ability of arbitrators to perform judicial functions by permitting provision for arbitration in transactions which are maritime or involve interstate commerce. The United States has extended this fostering of private arbitration into the international sphere by a series of treaties entered into since 1946. Typically, such a treaty provides that both agreements to arbitrate and arbitration awards will be "accorded full faith and credit." Such treaties are now in effect with Germany, Greece, Ireland, Israel, Japan, and China.

Conflicts between one nation and foreign investors are recurring ones. The fact that courts of one nation do not sit in judgment on the validity of the acts of another nation done within its own territory is not the end but only the beginning of the problem. Arbitration clauses in investment agreements have been urged. The United Nations and its various agencies, including an International Law Commission, have a variety of projects under way in an effort to put this controversial subject under a rule of law. We now have special procedures prescribed for the settlement of controversies between states in this hemisphere. Sending the Marines to the Caribbean or Central America was once the solution. Today we are closer to a rule of law in the management of troublesome problems in this area. The Charter of the Organization of American States, which became effective December 13, 1951, provides that all international disputes between the American States shall be submitted to certain "peaceful procedures" before being referred to the Security Council of the United Nations. The procedures designated are "direct negotiation, good offices, mediation, investigation and conciliation, judicial settlement, arbitration, and those which the parties to the dispute may especially agree upon at any time."

The International Court of Justice, created by the United Nations, also has a permanent status; but it has a different kind of jurisdiction from that of the European Court of Human Rights. It decides actual controversies; and, unlike the United States Supreme Court, it has the authority to render advisory opinions. Yet only states (not individuals) may be parties before the International Court of Justice. This includes the United Nations itself, which was permitted to bring an action before the Court in 1949. The disputes with which the Court deals concern the interpretation of treaties, any question of international law, and the breach of an international obligation, together with the nature and extent of the reparation to be made for such a breach. The aim is to have such a Court "that in the body as a whole the representation of the main forms of civilization and of the principal legal systems of the world should be assured." Enforcement of the decrees of the Court is entrusted to the Security Council by the Charter of the United Nations.

Yet in spite of the easy availability of the International Court and its eminent qualifications, it had last year only six cases to adjudicate. Low as this number is, it is the highest number the court has had before it in any one year in a decade. Most nations give only qualified acceptances to its jurisdiction. In 1946 by adoption of the Connally Amendment, we accepted compulsory jurisdiction except as to "matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of the United States of America *as determined by the United States of America*." The amendment was attacked as a dangerous precedent to a country seeking to sponsor the rule of law. Senator Wayne Morse said: "It is, in effect, a political veto on questions of a judicial character, and it will be instantly recognized as such by all the other countries . . . In our support of the United Nations, we are committing ourselves to a very large degree to the principle that it is better to entrust these international questions to responsible international institutions. . . . If history teaches us anything,

it is that if States are left to decide these questions on the basis of immediate political expediency, the result is power politics and ultimately war."

Then, too, this "political veto" cuts both ways: the United States can accept or reject any decision against it; on the basis of reciprocity a state which the United States wants to sue can claim in return that the International Court has no jurisdiction.

This optional clause stands in the way of the United States exerting its best diplomatic efforts toward the establishment of a rule of law which we invoke so religiously. This was the theme of President Eisenhower's talk to the American Bar Association on August 29, 1960. "Are we seeking a world of law or are we seeking to find ways in which we can cater to our own views and ideas in the legal field?" he asked.

What Congress grants, Congress can take away. Every treaty while it lasts of course limits the freedom of action of the contracting parties. Yet a willingness on the part of all to limit their freedom is the only way we can have a world where orderly procedures take the place of the anarchy of self-help and where we are saved from the fate of having each continent turned into an incinerator. As Corwin says in *The Constitution and World Organization*, the limitations on our power in practical effect "derive their force and effect exclusively from the principles of international justice, honor, and goodwill, *and from that species of political wisdom which prefers the long view to the short view.*"

The tools with which we can evolve a "rule of law" into a more mature system are at hand. There is only the will to use them. Why do nations hold back? Why are we not willing to take the lead in inaugurating a truly golden age for international law? We could, I think, do it, if we asserted the moral leadership of which we so often boast. We need more commitment and less lip service. World opinion is ready to be marshaled. Small nations quiver on the sidelines as they watch giant rivals spar, threaten, and shake their nuclear fists. The world is filled with such a sense of insecurity that for the first time in history solid foundations for a "rule of law" can be laid.

Khrushchev employs the classical techniques which Communists have been taught to use when participating in parliamentary proceedings. On August 2, 1920, the Second Comintern Congress sent instructions to Communist party members on how to destroy parliamentarianism by using as an "auxiliary centre" of the "mass struggle" the "rostrum of the bourgeois parliament." This directive of August 2, 1920, also stated: "Demonstrative legislative proposals should be regularly submitted on the instructions of the party and its central committee, not with the idea that they will be accepted by the bourgeois majority, but for purposes of propaganda, agitation, and organization." The activity recommended was "chiefly in revolutionary agitation from the parliamentary tribune, in exposing enemies, in the ideological mobilization of the masses." Pounding a lectern with one's shoe at the United Nations is in the same category as maintaining a chant in the manner of Communists in the French Assembly.

Whether Khrushchev has been doing more than making a play to the Communist galleries in the world, we do not know. Some think he wants to destroy the United Nations. Yet a nuclear holocaust would be destructive of all peoples, Communists included. Even for Communists the cult of force is fast becoming obsolete. Khrushchev knows it, as is evident from his Bucharest speech this last June in which he concluded that war with non-Communist nations was not "inevitable." Moreover, world opinion on the side of a "rule of law" is powerful. Those who were forced to vote against it would lose in prestige and influence. This force of world opinion must be mobilized.

There are of course great gulfs between the law, customs, and mores which we of the West accept as

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normal and which other parts of the world practice. One of our major errors, as we emerged from a century and a half of isolationism, was to think of the world as if it were made in our image; at times we even thought that the non-conformists should be remade in our image. The advance form of democracy which we enjoy, which Europe for the most part represents, which flourishes in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and which is taking sturdy hold in India and Israel, is largely unknown in the world. Many societies developed along family lines, not community lines. Familial, not democratic, regimes have shaped the affairs of many Asian countries for centuries. It is a familial, not a democratic, type of regime that governs Formosa today. Pakistan is making modest advances toward a democratic society. Turkey has great promise. Indonesia is holding most political experiments in abeyance. Tribal government controls the lives of men and women in some African nations. In at least one African nation which is a member of the United Nations, trial by fire—which India practiced long centuries ago and which was practiced in England until 1262 A.D.—is still practiced among the tribes.

African tribes hold much of the land in trust for the people. "The comunity (for the most part)," says John Gunther, "takes care of the indigent, and everybody belongs to somebody." Yet tribal life is breaking up; about forty million Africans have left their tribes and sought new lives in villages and cities. These transitions promise turmoil and unrest.

Africa apart, there are great diversities among nations. The dictatorships of the Communist world as opposed to the democracies of the West mark only some of the differences. There are absolute monarchies, dictatorships that have been long and enduring, military regimes that may be short interregnums, and democracies at various stages of development. Capitalism, socialism, Communism compete for followers. The goals and ideals are many and diverse.

Much of the world is illiterate. Across the Middle East and in Asia illiteracy is the rule. Ethiopia is ninety-eight per cent illiterate. Liberia—which we often think of an an American stepchild—has a literacy rate no higher than ten per cent. That represents the African average. Leaders in these countries must make bricks without straws. The question is not, will democracy be saved? It is, will democracy ever be born? If democracy emerges in the hinterland, it will be in the distant future.

The vast gulfs that exist between various world cultures mean that the common ground for world law will be narrow and selective. It starts with the rule against aggressive war; and it proceeds from there to all the stuff which treaties, contracts, commercial engagements, investments, travel, communication, and the like shape up into controversies. There are only limited areas where today we can rightfully say common ground can be found. Yet they are important, indeed critical, ones; and they will expand as the peoples of the world work with their newly emerging institutions of law and gain confidence in them.

Some have the lingering notion that wars without nuclear weapons can be fought—if only nuclear weapons are abolished. That is dangerous thinking. Now that the art of making them is known, they could be quickly manufactured even though all were destroyed. They are so strategically important they would tempt any participant. Once war broke out, a frantic race would be on to manufacture again the outlawed nuclear weapons. The side that won that race would have the opponent at its mercy. We know now that nuclear war risks all life on each continent that is involved, and perhaps all other life as well. That means that the central problem of this day is the *prevention* of war.

The Charter of the United Nations contains a resolve on the part of the people "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind." Effective prevention of war means disarmament. Partial disarmament is a sham except insofar as it leads to the establishment of procedures which can be extended to full disarmament. The danger of partial disarmament is that each side aims to keep the weapon—or weapons—that best suits its strategic position. Russia, for example, would gladly trade atomic bombs for tanks, since with tanks she could still dominate the land mass of which she is the center. Pursuit of peace at this stage means making the search for fool-proof disarmament the first item on the international agenda. Walter Millis in his challenging work, *A World Without War,* shows that a viable world could easily exist if war were actually abolished and never again became an instrument of national power.

The arrival of disarmament and the end of war would not mean the advent of peace in the sense that there would be a disappearance of conflict. Great antagonisms would persist. Disputes would continue; nations would press their claims for justice. Clash and conflict are present in every community. They exist in virulent form at the world level and will continue. War from time out of mind has been one of the remedies for real or fancied wrongs. Now that it is obsolete, the rule of law remains as the only alternative. This is not an expression of hope alone. We have in truth the sturdy roots of a rule of law, including a few of the procedures which human ingenuity has devised for resolving disputes, including conciliation and mediation, arbitration, administrative settlement, and judicial determination. The rule of law is versatile and creative. It can devise new remedies to fit international needs as they may arise. The rule of law has at long last become indispensable for men as well as for nations. Now that the instruments of destruction have become so awesome that war can no longer be tolerated, the rule of law is our only alternative to mass destruction.

Danger Signals in the Congo

by CLYDE SANGER

WHOEVER murdered Patrice Lumumba, the death of the first Congolese Prime Minister has done enormous harm to the reputations of the United Nations and the United States in Africa. African nationalists of many countries—and most Africans are nationalists, however incoherently—are accusing United States' leaders of imperialist designs on the Congo. (Britain is also charged with complicity, but in a minor role.) To Americans this may seem a ludicrous misinterpretation of motives, but the fact of misinterpretation is important. In Africa, as anywhere else, it is not necessarily the truth that matters so much as what most people think is the truth.

To Africans, of course, the original villians of the Congo drama were the Belgians. It may be foolish, perhaps, to generalize about the Belgians, but that is what Africans do nevertheless. In reality there were all sorts of Belgians concerned with the Congo—devoted colonial administrators, cruel *Force Publique* officers, liberal professors warning of the need for change, big businessmen making political alliances to survive change, muddled politicians, and a vast apathetic electorate back in Belgium. But to Africans outside the Congo, whose main experience with Belgians was the sight of mournful, fussing refugees and the rumors of tough paracommandos, they were all despicable.

Much of this opprobrium was deserved. While Leopold II held the Congo as his private kingdom from 1885 to 1908, the population decreased by about three million. A major cause was the brutal forced labor system he instituted; the fear of the white man emplanted then and nourished since by harsh policies of oppression is one of the roots of the Congo disaster. The Belgian administration further diminished hopes for Congo unity by its encouragement of tribalism, on the "divide and rule" principle. Nor was any attempt made, unlike the French in Equatorial Africa, or the British in many colonies, to build up a Congolese political and administrative elite and to lay a sound foundation of provincial and local government. The Belgian propaganda machine *Inforcongo* made an impressive display of school enrollment figures (1.7 million children last year), and the model African townships and well-appointed hospitals. *Inforcongo* did not mention that there were only a dozen Congolese college graduates; that until 1958 the study of law was forbidden as, in the apt term of a Swiss United Nations official, "an apprenticeship for subversion"; that as of last year less than 3,000 Congolese had gone beyond seven years of schooling. *Inforcongo* never hinted that the primary purpose of the extensive social service program of which the Belgians were so proud was to keep fourteen million Africans content to be exploited as poorly paid laborers, servants, and semi-skilled artisans.

Independence finally became inevitable, less because of the flight of 100 million dollars of capital in 1959 than because of the breakdown of administration in the Lower Congo, engineered by Joseph Kasavubu, which the Belgians knew they could not restore without a full-scale colonial war. But having promised independence for June, 1960, Belgian attempts to safeguard their financial interests by tight control were disastrous.

The Belgian government offered a subsidy of eighty-five million dollars to the current and development budgets in 1960, but Belgian financiers tried to retain control of the Congo's economy by various means. In return for a promise to guarantee the operations of the faltering Congo Central Bank, the Belgian National Bank removed seventy million dollars of gold and dollar reserves from the Central Bank to vaults in Brussels and insisted that the Congo's monetary policy should be settled between the two banks. The Belgian government generously offered to pay one-third of the salaries of civil servants who stayed on after independence on a technical aid program—but in the accustomed paternalistic fashion ordered that a Belgian Embassy department should control their services, separate from Congolese rule.

Worst of all, General Emile Jannsens resisted moves to bring Congolese into the commissioned ranks of the *Force Publique*, then officered by 1,000 Belgians, or to raise the small wages of his 23,000 troops. General Jannsens in effect set himself up as a political rival to Lumumba, who subverted the troops in order to defeat the general, only to find that subversion had run out of control. General Jannsens can be said to bear equal blame with Patrice Lumumba for the mutiny of the *Force Publique* and all the chaos that has flowed from it.

Since the troubles of July, the Belgian record has been dismal. The pathetic flight of thousands earned only scorn from the Africans. The tough methods of the paracommandos enraged them, as did the prodding of Katanga's President Moise Tshombe into secession by Belgian colons and—more discreetly—Belgian financial interests in Katanga.

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African bitterness toward the Belgians has deepened since independence because their former masters have defied the United Nations in a number of ways: by keeping 200 military "technical assistants" with Tshombe's forces; by supplying Tshombe and his ally Albert Kalonji of South Kasai with arms; by letting General Mobutu use the Trust Territory of Urundi as a springboard for his vain expedition to recapture Kivu province from the Lumumbists; by giving technical aid outside the United Nations framework and so confusing the whole civil operation in several spheres; by failing to place sanctions on Belgian nationals who volunteered for Tshombe's Foreign Legion or Mobutu's forces.

The Belgian plea—that, in technical aid, she has a special relationship with the Congo and that, as far as military operations go, she would cooperate fully with the United Nations if she could be sure U.N. troops would protect the lives of Belgians in the Congo—is far from strong. Outside the province of Katanga Belgians have been able to return to their homes in the Congo only because of the presence of the United Nations; and Belgian military interference has done more than anything else to defeat Dag Hammarskjold's attempts to seal off the Congo from the cold war. On top of all this, the Belgians have made themselves unpopular even in Katanga and Kalonji's self-styled "diamond state" of South Kasai by practicing old tricks of economic exploitation: mineral export earnings are held at Antwerp; diamonds leave Kasai as "unsorted gems" to depreciate their excise value. It is an utterly disgraceful record.

Why, then, is there such a wave of strong feeling against the United States and the United Nations Secretary General Hammarskjold? You will hear many charges against United States' policy in the Congo, not only there but in places like Kenya and Rhodesia: Why did the United States pay the wages of General Mobutu's soldiers? Why was Lumumba refused a visa for the United Nations debate in New York which Kasavubu attended? Wasn't the Anglo-American resolution to the United Nations General Assembly in December (which barely failed to get the necessary two-thirds vote) an openly partisan plan to help Mobutu against Lumumba? These are typical of the questions Africans ask.

Africans pass over those items of undeniably good work performed by Americans; such as the airlift of food to the starving refugees of South Kasai and the efforts of the economist, Robert West, in advising the finance ministries during Lumumba's premiership. They dress with ugly motives some examples of American restraint, as when Lumumba appealed first for American help before turning to the United Nations: "Surely that refusal then showed the United States had no imperialistic designs." To which the African replies, "America refused because she didn't want to attack her NATO ally, Belgium." They telescope events—the basis for the charge that Mobutu's troops were paid in American dollars seems to be that in October the United States gave five million dollars through the United Nations to fill a gap the Congo Central Bank could not plug and still pay the central government's wage bill.

It is suggested that Dag Hammarskjold, under United States' guidance, has always backed Kasavubu and Mobutu against Lumumba. Though Kasavubu was the prime engineer of Congolese independence, Lumumba has always been the darling of the nationalists: he was the people's man, a biting orator, an energetic figure, and he had borne the scars of colonial oppression for photographers to see. All nationalists who aspire to lead or be part of a strong central government backed to the hilt Lumumba's drive to smash Tshombe. Julius Nyerere, the Chief Minister of Tanganyika, has spoken fiercely in Lumumba's defense on this point.

Given these feelings, Africans in many countries feel the United Nations' policy has failed them. Lumumba invited the United Nations in, and then the United Nations denied him the use of the radio station and the use of airports when he had borrowed Ilyushin planes to fly his troops against Katanga. When Lumumba was taken from Thysville to Katanga, the United Nations' forces saw him being publicly bludgeoned in airports; they must have known he was being flown to his death, and yet they did not intervene. The counter-argument—that, if the United Nations had exceeded its mandate and intervened to free Lumumba, it could not draw the line between this and any street-fight between Congolese—is merely mocked.

Much of this criticism is unfair. The United Nations has been hamstrung with a weak mandate; it has also refused Kasavubu's request for troops to subdue the Lumumbists in Stanleyville and in Oriental province. But United Nations' inaction had the effect of hurting Lumumba's cause more than his enemies' and left the way open for his murder. It is easy to see how Africans, offered a simplified version of events, arrived at their feelings of bitterness against American "imperialism."

The bitterness and suspicion among Africans are grounded on a private acknowledgement of their own weakness. Poverty makes them dependent on foreign aid for development; yet they see political strings hanging from every gift. When you argue that the day of the small nations has dawned in the General Assembly, you are told that most of the small states vote the way their benefactor dictates, whether

Carmack in The Christian Science Monitor

African Safari

in Latin America or former French Africa. Pan-African conferences devote long days to discussing how to defeat the "neo-colonialism" of economic bondage. Recently I argued with a Rhodesian African who, hearing of the promise of 150 American college graduates to come to East Africa and fill an important gap as high school teachers, immediately said, "They'll try to put over their propaganda." There is a tragic lack of self-confidence among many Africans which sometimes develops into xenophobia. They are not sure of being shrewd enough to separate good from bad, to take the nourishment of true knowledge and spurn the poison of propaganda. It is a reaction from the insidious ways of colonialism, and the United States suffers for it.

There is a good deal the Kennedy Administration could do to improve the standing of the United States in Africa. John Foster Dulles' dislike of neutralism—those who are not with us are against us—dies hard. Africa, in moving away from close Western ties towards a position of equilibrium, of "positive non-commitment" to the two power blocs, is often viewed by Americans as "going Communist." There is an anti-Communist evangelism about United States' officials in Africa that is jarring to the new leaders on this continent who want to make their own experiments and form their own convictions; they believe they can do this without losing their African souls.

Already there are welcome signs of change. The Kennedy policy over Laos is a signal to Africa that the new President wants to help Africa achieve its position of equilibrium without wildly swinging between West and East. A more sophisticated approach toward economic and technical aid also seems forthcoming.

The solutions to Africa's problems with neo-colonialism lie mainly with her own states. A diversification of channels of aid; a growth of confidence in their own ability to choose wisely; a hammering out at conferences of Pan-African policies towards the Congo and towards economic aid and world politics; the forging of closer links between various African states—all these steps are the means. At present, African states are sadly divided between the Casablanca radical group of pro-Lumumba states, the Brazzaville faction supporting Kasavubu, and an "uncommitted" number which include Liberia, Nigeria, Tunisia, and Ethiopia. These divisions over the Congo are repeated in other issues of policy. United States' policy should be not to draw several of these countries to her side, but to try to guide them all together on their own.

As long as independent Africa suffers from divisions among its members, the United States is likely to be blamed (and Britain as well, though less forcibly) for promoting these divisions. It is always easiest to blame someone else for one's own troubles; in the Congo and Africa generally, many troubles are inherited from the colonial days. But if these troubles are compounded by involvement in the East-West struggle, there will be dangerous days ahead.

The Return of Mr. Whistler

by Alfred Werner

EIGHTY YEARS ago, a British critic was shocked by a canvas exhibited in London under the title, *Falling Rocket*. This "Nocturne in Black and Gold," as the picture, a night scene illuminated by fireworks, was subtitled, provoked him to rash words: "I have seen and heard much cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

The artist, American-born James Abbott McNeil Whistler, thereupon sued the critic, none other than John Ruskin, for libel. Some of the trial's details became widely known, especially when Whistler later incorporated a comprehensive description into his astounding and amusing volume of reminiscence and vindictiveness called *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. Asked by the attorney general whether he could make him see the "peculiar beauty" of *Falling Rocket*, Whistler haughtily replied: "I fear it would be as hopeless as for the musician to pour his notes into the ear of a deaf man." Upon admitting that it had taken him only two days to "knock off" the libeled Nocturne, he was challenged: "And that was the labor for which you asked two hundred guineas?"

To which Whistler proudly retorted: "No—I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime!"

Sophisticated Londoners applauded, and the jury could not avoid finding Ruskin guilty. Ruskin regarded the verdict as a defeat and, in fury, resigned from his Oxford professorship. But the "victor" suffered heavily from the trial's consequences. Damages were assessed at the ridiculous sum of one farthing, while Whistler had to pay the substantial court costs. The forty-four-year-old Whistler was made bankrupt by the trial. For a long time, nobody cared to buy his Nocturnes, nor did any British socialite dare to commission a portrait, since the artist and his unorthodox productions had become the butt of merciless jokes.

This trial, known to every student of Victorian civilization, hurt Whistler and his work even posthumously. For decades after his death in 1903 he was remembered mainly for his splendid repartee in court, and for other displays of his dauntless wit. People forgot that he was a serious and an important artist. In the United States,

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the low ebb was reached in the 1930's when social realism almost completely drove out the art for art's sake concept usually associated with Whistler, Wilde, and other Victorian individualists; in an age of depression and reformatory zeal there was little tolerance for what seemed to be a mere combination of virtuosity, snobbery, and frivolity. It was only in the last decade that critics, dealers, and collectors became aware that they had been unjust to one of the most remarkable talents of the Nineteenth Century.

The change in evaluation was underlined in 1952 by Hesketh Pearson's book, *The Man Whistler,* which pointed out that Whistler could not have painted the first-rate works of art he did had not a great nobility of soul been concealed beneath his atrocious behavior. Two years later, twenty-eight of his oils, watercolors, and pastels were shown at New York's Metropolitan Museum, along with works by two other American expatriates, John Singer Sargent and Mary Cassatt. In November, 1960, New Yorkers saw at the distinguished Knoedler Galleries the most important Whistler show in the United States since Boston's Memorial Exhibition of 1904, with more than a hundred pictures, among them the "Nocturne in Gold and Black" that had led to the scandal in 1878.

Those who remember only the clever anecdotes circulated about Whistler as a Bohemian, or the triumphantly witty things he said, or is supposed to have said, will be surprised to learn that he was a tragic figure, a frustrated, unhappy man. When he was greeted in a London restaurant by an American who informed him that he, too, had been born in Lowell, Massachusetts, the artist angrily raised his monocle and remarked in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear, "I do not choose to be born at Lowell!" He would not have said that, nor would he have given St. Petersburg, Russia, where he lived as a child, as his place of birth, had not his ego been often and severely lacerated during his youth in America. However, even his most zealous defenders will not deny that throughout his life, he was a querulous person who found it difficult to make friends, and even more difficult to keep them. Asked why he was so unpleasant to so many people, he made the characteristic reply: "Early in life I made the discovery that I was charming, and if one is delightful, one has to thrust the world away to keep from being bored to death."

Whistler was neither charming nor delightful to his teachers at West Point. Once, when he could not give the date of the battle of Buena Vista, the teacher good-naturedly asked him what he would do at a dinner table were he asked the same question. He retorted, indignantly: "Do? Why, I should refuse to associate with people who could talk of such things at dinner!"

Pyrrhic victories like these caused him to flunk out of West Point, and subsequently to lose his job as a draftsman in the United States Coast Guard. Following his natural bent by concentrating on art, he led the kind of dissolute life in London and Paris for which he would have been ostracized in his native Lowell. He had servants and drank costly champagne even when he owned nothing but debts. To attract attention, he dressed like a music-hall artist, and from the more conservative Degas he elicited this remark: "If you were not a genius, you would be the most ridiculous man in Paris." His sharp intelligence triumphed over his slow-witted patrons, but he frightened away potential buyers. His arrogant manner cloaked a deep insecurity—"Why drag in Velasquez?" was his rejoinder to an admirer who had compared him to the Spanish master. He needed love, but he had only fleeting relationships with women who served him as models, mistresses, housekeepers, business managers, and the mothers of his children. At fifty-four he finally married, but his wife soon after died of cancer.

The more discerning among his contemporaries—such as Pissarro and Degas—knew that, apart from being a brilliant conversationalist, controversialist, and showman, Whistler was also an important master whose oils, watercolors, and etchings were of far greater significance than all his wit. His was the not unusual dilemma of an imaginative artist, filled with creative energy and plagued by an insatiable perfectionism, in a milieu hostile to independent, unfettered spirits. He was a contemporary and friend of many of the Impressionists, but he walked alone; he neither adopted their special technique nor wanted to limit himself, as they did, to recording the ephemeral "impression" of a scene.

He was a great innovator who, though remaining within the realm of representation, anticipated certain aspects of abstract art by fifty or sixty years. He wrote and spoke daringly and lucidly about the aims of art. "Art should be independent of clap-trap," he once explained. Art should "stand alone and appeal to the artistic sense of eye without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like." He differed from most of his contemporaries by insisting that the artist must do more than just imitate the visual world: "If the man who paints only the tree, or flower, or other surface he sees before him were an artist, the king of artists would be the photographer."

As a young man in Paris, he was under the spell of Courbet, champion of realism, whom he emulated to the point of making the same frequent use of palette knife and thick impasto. Luckily, he arrived in Paris in time to be infected by *Japonisme,* an excitement for everything imported from Japan that intoxicated the French capital. More than any other painter, Whistler learned from the Japanese to be rigorously selective, to eliminate unnecessary details, and to rearrange nature freely for the sake of firm, rhythmically balanced design. Through his work, so utterly different from the anecdotal pictures favored in the 1860's and 1870's, he succeeded in educating the more sensitive among those he taught that art should be an evocation rather than a statement; that a picture was not nature because it was art, and must not compete with, or try to be mistaken for, reality; and that a person, looking at a picture, should be moved to exclaim, "How beautiful!" rather than "How true!"

It is easy to understand why men of Ruskin's generation could not bear Whistler's work. To them, his "Nocturnes" and his portraits looked sketchy and unfinished. We, who have learned to expect from the draftsman or painter no more than hints and suggestions on which to construct a vision in our imagination, are willing to go along with the master where he

warns that "a picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared." There is little to "see" in the oil (now in Detroit's Institute of Art) that drew Ruskin's anger: a curve of yellow and reddish dots (indicative of the fireworks) pierces subtle variations of black, dark green, and dark blue. Yet the mystery of the scene—its poetry or, to use the term Whistler would have preferred, its music—is superbly presented. For Whistler, who deliberately chose musical titles for his pictures (he called them Nocturnes, Harmonies, or Symphonies), picked his colors and tones "as the musician gathers his notes, and forms his chords, until he brings forth from chaos glorious harmony."

Whistler's way of looking at people and things is, of course, not the only legitimate one, but it is an intriguing one. Purposely, he titled the portrait of his mother *Arrangement in Gray and Black*. He explained: "To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public care about the identity of the portrait?" He meant to say: "The subject matter is immaterial, and exact representation of actuality has nothing to do with painting. We must look for the intrinsic aesthetic qualities of a work. Both those who love the picture (now in the Louvre) because it appeals to their sentimental concept of motherhood, and those who reject it as banal have failed to live up to the artist's intentions. For the important achievement is Whistler's evocation of an enigmatical effect created through the juxtaposition of the black (the old lady's dress) and the gray of the wall. Above and beyond this effect, Whistler captured superbly the uniquely the dreamy tranquility of old people, interrupted by neither gesture nor loud word.

It is wrong to condemn Whistler—as has been done until recently—for not possessing certain qualities others have had. His work is devoid of the maniacal fervor of a Van Gogh; it lacks the sympathy with suffering humanity that is characteristic of Daumier or Kaethe Kollwitz; he did not have the overpowering religious conviction of a Rouault. But it is unfair to expect all of this from an aesthetic man who wilfully subordinated the purely human aspects to purely aesthetic considerations. On the other hand, it is a relief to turn from the story-telling works of the Nineteenth Century academy professors and gold medalists to what Whistler's friend, George Moore, called the "music of perfect accomplishment." With his search for an entirely aesthetic beauty, his method of refining and simplifying color and line, Whistler anticipated Gauguin, Vuillard, and even some of the abstract artists who were born years after he had died.

In particular, it is absurd to condemn Whistler for his professed cynicism. As a private individual, he might engage in impudent talk; when asked to stop attacking old John Ruskin, who had one leg in the grave, Whistler quipped, "It's the other leg I'm after." Had he met with more understanding during his years of struggle, he might have been less aggressive and cynical. His behavior was that of an individual who had been hurt deeply and frequently. When a letter addressed to him at the Royal Academy was forwarded to his home with the notation, "Not known at the Royal Academy," he mailed the envelope to the press and attached a note, indicative of his profound anger and dissatisfaction: "It is my rare good fortune to be able to send you an unsolicited official and final certificate of character." Or there is his reply to an unsympathetic critic who asked what critics who found themselves in disagreement with the master's principles should do: "Do, my dear Sir? Why, die!"

At any rate, he hardly ever allowed this fiercely assertive trait of his personality to enter his work. One not acquainted with his biography, and especially his sharp *bon mots*, would never guess that Whistler had been the eccentric and "monster" he appeared. His work in all media is characterized by delicacy, even reticence, that one would associate with a hypersensitive individual (which, beneath his brashness, he was). In his Thames river scenes, in particular, Whistler does what Verlaine did in poetry—giving, in faint color (or, in his etchings, in subtle outlines) the twilight aspects of things. From his windows in Chelsea, or on long walks he took along the Thames with one of the few devoted friends and pupils he had, he loved to watch the luminosity of the fleeting river, the mysterious movements of heavily laden barges guided by the silhouetted figures of pilots. Unlike the Impressionists, he did not start sketching on the spot, but would let the impression be filtered by the fine screen of his retentive memory so that, in most cases, there was a long interval between observation and execution.

Wandering through the exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries, young American artists to whom Whistler had been merely a name must have become fond of him and even proclaimed him as one of the earliest martyrs of abstract art. Had he not been accused of having flung a pot of paint in the public's face? Had not the judge at the trial pronounced his works incomprehensible? Do not the things described in his Nocturnes have so little resemblance to natural objects that a good many of these pictures might be considered "abstract"?

Those who might react in this fashion would leave out the fact that Whistler never did empty a pot of paint on the canvas, as some of our contemporaries have learned to do. His work, based on respect for the Old Masters (Velasquez, in particular), was thoroughly controlled. If he were alive today, he would repudiate the lack of control and form of many modern artists with as much anger as he rejected the cold academism of his day. By calling his pictures "Symphonies," "Harmonies," "Arrangements," he emphasized form organization versus the casualness of nature. He would never have said, as does the Californian, Sam Francis, "The value of a painting lies in the realm of the unintentional," or, as did the late Jackson Pollock, "When I am in my painting, I'm not aware of what I'm doing."

As a citizen, Whistler may not always have appeared to be the master of his fate. But as an artist he was triumphantly able to hold up freedom within self-chosen order. He was a poet whose subtle, low-keyed painting has survived, and will continue to survive, most of the raw stuff purported to be art.

The Prison Visitors

by IRVIN ASHKENAZY

THE STORY of Mike Angel began about two years before my wife, Elinor, and I had ever heard of him. It began when he held up a gas station on a suburban fringe of east Los Angeles.

At 1:20 a.m. the boulevard was lonely. The all-night station was an island of light in the misty darkness. The night attendant was on the telephone explaining to his wife that his relief man had been delayed and he would be a little late getting home. When he hung up and turned around he looked into the muzzle of an automatic.

The holdup man was in his early twenties and obviously drunk. He wore a sports shirt and rumpled sports coat and slacks. His gun wavered and so did his grin. "Sorry," he mumbled, "don't wanna do this, but I gotta have money. It's my kid's birthday. His birthday, see?"

His eyes on the attendant, he edged toward the cash register, tripped over a pyramid of oil cans, and fell sprawling, the gun clattering across the floor. The attendant grabbed a wrench and knocked him senseless. He picked up the gun. It was a toy.

Mike Angel was sent to the California Institution for men at Chino as a first offender under an indeterminate sentence of from one to twenty years.

More than twenty-one months passed. It was a Sunday. Many of Chino's residents were sunning themselves on the narrow strips of lawn that border the new dormitories; others were on the visiting grounds receiving friends and relatives. Inside Mike's dormitory a dozen men lay on cots, reading magazines, writing letters, playing checkers, or just dozing.

Mike sat propped up on his pillow, staring into space. "The Deacon," a middle-aged Negro bookie given to hymn singing and Bible quoting, lay on the next cot, barefoot, hands clasped behind his shiny bald head. Occasionally the voice of an inmate clerk could be heard booming over the loudspeaker: "Troy Finley, report to the waiting room. You have visitors. Troy Finley."

"Come next Sunday," the Deacon dreamed aloud, "they'll be hollerin' *my* name. My ole lady'll be out there waiting for me."

The Deacon considered Mike a moment. "They never holler your name, do they, boy?" Mike seemed not to hear. The Deacon squirmed to a more comfortable position. "Now you take Joe the Paperhanger. I reckon he been here about two years, same as you. Nobody ever visits him, write him a letter, buy him a coupla bucks credit at the canteen. You know what he done? He got the chaplain to fix him up with one of them church visitors. Now he got somebody visit him reg'lar, bring him cigarettes, bring him fruit, canned stuff, coffee, and more letters'n he can read." He grinned. "He can't read nohow, so I gotta read 'em to him."

"They bring him to God yet?" Mike jeered quietly.

The Deacon frowned. "The way I hear they don't talk religion less'n you bring it up."

"Then what's the angle?"

The Deacon shrugged. "What's the difference? What you got to lose?"

"Why don't *you* put in for one of 'em?"

"I already got visitors. They just visit them what ain't got any. Talk to the chaplain. He'll put you on the list."

Mike watched a plume of smoke snake ceilingward. The Deacon had been wrong. They *had* called his name once. The chaplain had arranged for the visit even though Mike had warned him he wouldn't see her. Nor did he, then or since. Mike wasn't sure that he would refuse to see her now. Or even a stranger . . .

The Prison Visitors, an interracial, interfaith voluntary group, meet once a month. My wife, a member, invited me to join her at a prison committee meeting. It seemed to promise an element of adventure. I accepted.

We arrived late. More than thirty members crowded the modest living room, listening to the Protestant chaplain at Chino prison being introduced.

He was in his early thirties, a quiet, thoughtful young man. "I want to tell you," he began, "that even those who doubted most in the beginning now agree that your visitation program has proved a happy experiment in keeping prisoners in some kind of balance with the outside world . . . Chino may have no armed guards and its inmates may not have to wear uniforms, but it is nevertheless as much of a prison as San Quentin, Soledad, or Folsom . . ." He outlined prison Superintendent Kenyon J. Scudder's rehabilitative program, the psychological problems of prisoners, their guidance toward a hoped-for maturity. Scudder had solicited the visitation program to aid in this effort.

Much later, following an absorbing discussion of personal experiences between visitors and prisoners, and after the members had said their farewells, Elinor and I approached our host. "Frank," I asked, "do you

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think we'd make acceptable visitors?"

He considered me quizzically. "If you go as a husband-and-wife team, why not?" He fished several sheets of paper from his notebook. "We have a lot more men who want visitors than we have members." He handed me a sheaf of papers. "Here are a few who have applied to the prison chaplain for visitors. You can choose from these which man you'd like to visit."

The dossiers were mere lists of names with thumbnail sketches of the owner of each name. They told little about each man other than his age, race, general personality, and term of imprisonment. I paused at one name. "Angel—that's an odd name for a sinner. Mike Angel."

"One of the fallen, no doubt," Frank smiled drily.

"What did he do?" I asked.

The chairman pondered my question a moment. "Is it important?"

"Well, no," I denied uncomfortably, "but—well, I'm curious, naturally."

He went to his desk and searched through a file of dossiers issued by the prison, each ten to fifteen pages long. These are held in confidence by the chairman. They contain the complete history of each man, plus all the various analyses and evaluations made by numerous prison specialists—physical, vocational, and psychiatric. They tell more about a man than he would ever know about himself.

Frank paused at one, closed the file, and looked up. "Armed robbery," he said.

Two weeks later we got a letter from Mike Angel, a painful scrawl on cheap, lined paper. He expressed gratitude for our interest, and said he hoped to see us soon.

The following Sunday morning Elinor packed a basket lunch and we embarked in the family car, driving out U.S. Highway 66 toward the town of Chino, some forty miles east.

"One thing bothers me," I said.

"What's that?"

"When we meet him, what do we talk about?"

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," she assured me. "I understand that the prisoners usually do most of the talking. We—well, we listen."

When we had cleared the routine entry procedures at Chino, the inmate clerk spoke into a microphone on the table before him: "Mike Angel, report to the waiting room. You have visitors. Mike Angel."

As each prisoner entered the room, Elinor and I exchanged glances of anticipation. They were all in their twenties; all seemed to fit Mike's description. Twenty minutes went by. I stirred uneasily.

The door opened once more. Another young man in slacks and a sports jacket entered; he strode directly to the prison clerk to report. Since we noticed no one moving to meet him, Elinor moved toward him, and I followed.

"Mr. Angel?" she smiled tentatively.

He turned. For a fleeting moment anxious appraisal flickered across his face. He nodded. "Yes."

Elinor introduced herself and me. We shook hands. He hesitated, then reached for the picnic basket in my hand. "I'll carry that."

We took possession of one of the few vacant tables on the visiting grounds. There were a score of them, all with attached benches, many spread with food and occupied by prisoners and their visitors. The place was much like any public picnic area, with shade trees and an ornamental grape arbor.

We talked about the trip over, the pleasant fall weather, the vastness of the institution, which covers some 2,600 acres. Mike said he had recently returned from a fire-fighting trip upstate with a contingent of inmate volunteers. They had spent two weeks combating a huge forest fire. It was hot, dirty work, he admitted, but it broke the monotony.

"Sounds like it could be dangerous, too," Elinor commented.

"It's dangerous all right, but I took care of my crew. Nobody got hurt."

"*Your* crew?" I asked. "You mean—you were there as sort of a trusty?"

He shrugged and smiled engagingly. "I'm in one of the honor dorms. It gives you a few extra privileges."

He pointed out the shops, the dairy, the piggery, the vast farming areas, the powerhouse. The library was close by, an attractive structure where he attended accounting classes at night, and where, on Sundays, a Great Books seminar was held. "We were talking about Jefferson last Sunday. You know—the guy who wrote 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

Before I could say anything Elinor broke in to offer him more.

He helped himself. "Too bad you weren't here Saturday," he said. "We played our opening game of the season against the Pomona firemen. What a clambake!" he chortled. "The coach begged me to put on a suit and do or die for dear old Chino, but this sand-lot stuff is not for yours truly." He added casually, "I used to play quarterback for the Baltimore Colts." He grinned, reacting to my obvious astonishment. "Sure, I'm pretty light for pro ball. In fact, I was the lightest man on the squad, but I let the others carry the ball. Me, I just supplied the brains."

Elinor changed the subject to his accounting classes. He took the new gambit eagerly. "They call me 'Calculating Angel.' Even with an adding machine I still get the wrong answers," he grinned slyly, "but always in my favor, of course."

"Mike, are you married?" Elinor asked.

His grin died. "No."

"Does your family know what's happened to you?"

"No, I've kept it from them. If it ever got out, it would ruin my old man. He's a political wheel." He stared into space. "In Washington."

We were silent.

"I don't want to hurt him," he continued moodily, "so I hope you don't mind if I don't mention his name." He paused. "You see, 'Angel' isn't my real name."

One Saturday morning two months later, Elinor again packed a platter

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of fried chicken into the lunch basket. This would be our fourth visit to Chino, I observed—twice with fried chicken. I wondered what sort of tale Mike would spin this trip. He never told the same story twice.

"I admire a man with imagination," Elinor said, "even if he does have a lousy memory."

On our last visit he had explained he had been put in charge of the prison paint shop because the job assignment officer had discovered that his father was a prominent painting contractor in St. Louis.

"When Mike tells us those stories about himself," Elinor said thoughtfully, "I think that, for that particular moment, for him they're true. He *is* a great football star, the black sheep of a prominent family—"

"Whose name he'd rather not mention, of course. If 'Angel' isn't his real name, what is it, anyway?"

"Frank once mentioned Mike had been adopted by a family named Angelo or DiAngelo—something like that."

On this visit, Mike was nostalgically recounting his "college days" at Princeton when Elinor asked, "Have you made many friends here?"

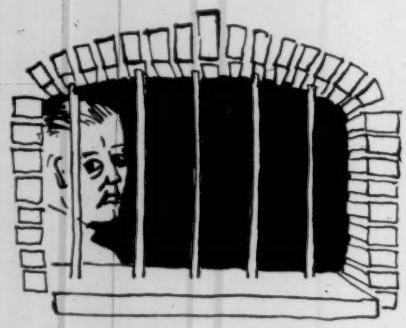
"The nearest thing to a friend I got here is a colored guy. We call him the 'Deacon' . . ." He rambled on for a while about the Deacon, then trailed off, staring vaguely into space. "In a place like this the only real friends you got are from the outside."

We visited Mike twice a month for more than a year. Between visits, he wrote long, rambling letters, some typewritten, some scrawled in pencil. It was fall once again and the leaves in the grape arbor were turning yellow. Mike's parole hearing was due to come up again soon. He had been turned down twice before. He wasn't hopeful. Elinor wondered if it might help if the parole board knew he had a job waiting for him on release. He brightened. "It might." He looked at me earnestly. "Could you get me in with your firm? I'm a pretty darn good salesman. I could sell beer like crazy!"

"Salesmen have to be bonded," I pointed out. "When a man has a record, the bonding companies won't touch him. It's rough, Mike, but that's the way it is."

His eyes filled as though I'd struck him.

"House painters get fantastic wages these days," Elinor said with cheerful practicality. "More than beer salesmen, I'll bet. We have a friend who's a painting contractor. I talked



to him about you. He said to come up and see him as soon as you're out."

He poked at the half-consumed slice of ham on his plate for several moments. He said, without looking up, "I've often wondered why you've been doing this for me. I'm nothing to you."

"Of course you are," she said. "You're a friend."

"Do you know the real reason I asked for a visitor? It was just for what I thought I could get out of you—cigarettes, food, a little money, maybe. I—I didn't expect that I—I'd get something more. The feeling—." He hesitated. "The feeling of being wanted."

He watched her for a moment, his eyes glistening with tears. "I've told you a lot of lies." He glanced at me and took a breath. "I guess maybe you know that. I was just trying to—trying to make you think I was somebody."

She said quietly, "But you are. "You're somebody—somebody very special."

He blinked, then looked down at his plate, making a pretense of eating. After a while he looked up. "If you'd decided I was a no-good bum, would you still have come to visit me?" His eyes met mine.

I shrugged. "Sure, if you'd wanted us to."

"Why?"

"Nobody is a no-good bum," Elinor said. "There's something of God in every man."

He was silent for a while. "Some of the guys I know," he said finally, "you'd have to blast to find it."

One afternoon several weeks later, Elinor answered the doorbell. A young woman in her mid-twenties, pale and uncertain, stood before her.

"I'm Barbara Angel," her visitor said. "The chaplain at Chino told me you and your husband have been visiting Mike the past year . . ."

Elinor invited her in. "Mike didn't tell me he had a sister living here."

The girl stared. "Sister? I'm his wife."

Elinor made her next trip to Chino alone. She explained to Mike that I was at home working on copy for a new advertising campaign. He beamed. "Well, you can tell him I made it! I got the lucky ducket yesterday!"

"Your parole? Oh, Mike, how wonderful!"

They lunched in the glow of his euphoria. His release date, he told her, was in "Exactly four weeks, one day, and—" he reached across the table, took her wrist, and peered at her watch—"sixteen hours and twenty-four minutes."

For a moment he gazed pensively into the distance, then turned, smiling weakly. "I've been making something for you—you and Irvin. It was going to be a Christmas present, but I couldn't get it finished in time. I—I had to learn to handle the tools. I'll try to finish it before I get out."

"What is it?"

He hesitated. "Let it be a surprise, huh?"

As they cleared the table she said casually, "Mike, I've been wondering why you once told me you weren't married."

"Who's been talking to you?"

"Your wife."

He sat down slowly. "If she had any brains she'd have gotten herself a divorce long ago . . ."

"Mike—she loves you."

"I'll bet."

"Besides, there's your son to think of."

"Well, why doesn't *she* think of him?" he demanded bitterly. "All I want is to forget. Like it never happened!" He looked away. "The kid

won't remember me or miss me. He's only three."

"He's six."

He looked at her sharply. "Yeah, I guess he is at that. Last time I saw him it was his third birthday."

"She told me."

His face hardened. "What else did she tell you?"

"I'd rather hear your side of it."

He was silent for a while. Presently the pathetic story came out—how he had lost his job and passed a few bad checks to maintain the pretense that he was still working. "I was afraid to tell her, but when one of the stores telephoned about a check that had bounced, I had to. She blew up. I—I went out and got drunk. When I came back that night she was gone, she and the baby. There was a note about her going back to her folks in Albuquerque. I'd bought a birthday present for Timmy. It was still in my pocket—a toy pistol. They—they tell me that's what I used trying to pull the stickup." He swallowed. "I was in prison three months before she even tried to find out what happened to me."

"She thought it was you who didn't care enough to write. She first heard what had happened when your landlady wrote asking about the clothes you'd left in the apartment."

He stared.

"When she came back you wouldn't accept her as a visitor. And when she wrote, her letters had to be returned because you refused to list her as a correspondent. She's been working in Los Angeles, supporting your child and her mother, waiting for you. Mike, it's not too late."

"Isn't it?" He controlled his voice with an effort. "Do you know what I'll be the rest of my life? An ex-con. A character who's gotta register with the police wherever he goes. When my kid grows up, what do you suppose he'll think of me?"

Mike had written he would be released on Wednesday. Elinor drove to Chino alone to pick him up. When I returned home from work at about six, Mike, with a sizable bundle wrapped in newspapers, was on my doorstep. He had come in by himself on the bus, he explained.

I was admiring the gift he had brought when Elinor returned, her mood dark. Mike was painfully contrite. He had been released hours earlier than expected to give him time to report to the Los Angeles parole bureau, find himself a room, and see about his job.

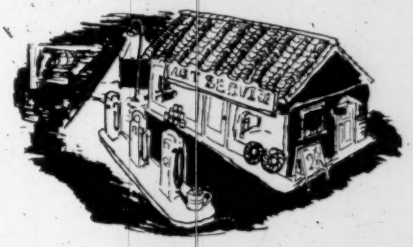
"You're here," she smiled, "and that's all that matters." She paused, staring at a large model of a Conestoga wagon which stood upon the coffee table amid its newspaper wrappings, its electric cord plugged into a wall outlet. He lifted it so that she might examine its perfection of detail, and pulled a hidden switch under the wagon's cover, illuminating it from within.

"It's beautiful," she breathed.

"It's for you." He grinned self-consciously. "Christmas is a little late this year."

We put him up for the night and sent him off to work the next morning. The job to which Mike and his partner were assigned was painting a chain of gas stations in the eastern section of the city. They finished their first job by two o'clock, and headed for the second.

It was the gas station Mike had tried to rob.



At the end of the day, when Mike was fastening Wet Paint tags on the gas pumps, a woman's voice greeted him.

"Hello, Mike." Barbara had approached from the sidewalk behind him. Her smile flickered nervously and she swallowed against the threat of tears. "Mrs. Ashkenazy said you'd be here."

Elinor was at the wheel of her car parked across the street.

"She wanted me to wait, but I couldn't. I just had to see you."

For a moment his eyes searched hers. He asked almost diffidently, "How's the baby?"

"Fine." Tears had begun to well. "You wouldn't recognize him, he's so big—"

"You're looking well."

"Oh, Mike!" She started toward him, checking herself as Mike's partner called to him from the truck.

"You go on," Mike called to him. "I'll see you in the morning."

His partner stared a moment, then got into the truck and started up just as another car rolled into the parking area beside him. The night attendant got out. Mike's eyes were on his wife.

"Oh, Mike! If you only knew how I've missed you!"

He lifted his hands as though to take her in his arms, then hesitated. He rubbed them slowly against the thighs of his white overalls. "I've got to get cleaned up," he said.

She reached out and clasped a paint-smeared hand. "It doesn't matter."

The night attendant approached his two fellow workers as they emerged from the station office. "Who's that guy?" he asked.

They followed his gaze. Mike and Barbara were crossing the street.

"Him? One of the painters. Why?"

"I dunno. He looks sorta familiar, somehow."

"Well, watch out for the wet paint." The day men headed for their cars. "See you tomorrow."

Elinor observed the continued stare of the night attendant as her two guests got in beside her. He seemed to give up, turned to the station office—then looked back, his eyes wide with sudden memory. As she started up she saw the light die and doubt set in. He turned away once more, his manner saying, "Aaah, it *couldn't* be."

We have visited other prisoners since then. The experiences haven't always been so happy or successful. But for a man to know he is not alone has often been a decisive factor in helping him to keep out of further trouble with the law. Some of these friendships have continued, as with Mike Angel, long after the men were released. For Elinor and me they have been their own reward, a continuing human adventure testifying to her faith that there is something of God in every man.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

High Cost of Dying

Dear Sirs:

Thank you so much for the excellent article on the "High Cost of Dying," which appeared in the March *Progressive*, and for the fine presentation of the answer to the problem which is being offered by the Memorial Associations.

A few small corrections and additions, however. Membership of Seattle's People's Memorial Association is well over 7,000, not 3,000, and is increasing at the rate of almost 200 a month.

The Memorial Associations are by no means limited to the West Coast but are springing up all over the country. During the past winter we have answered several hundred inquiries, from thirty-eight states, from people who would like to see a Memorial Association functioning in their community.

A list of currently operating Memorial Associations and an outline of our structure and function is available to readers of *The Progressive* on request.

SYLVIA H. MACCOLL
Educational Director
People's Memorial Association
2366 Eastlake
Seattle 2, Washington

Study Eichmann

Dear Sirs:

In connection with the impending Eichmann trial in Israel, I call your attention to a resolution that has been adopted by the California Conference to Abolish the Death Penalty. I hope that other groups and individuals will endorse the idea and make known their endorsement to representatives of Israel. This is the resolution:

"As opponents of capital punishment, we oppose executions in all countries and for whatever reason. But we now feel called upon to speak out on a specific case that challenges the very essence of our belief. We refer to the case of ex-Nazi leader Adolph Eichmann, now awaiting trial in Israel before a court that will speak for the conscience of humanity.

"If Eichmann is guilty, he unquestionably is one of the most hideous criminals of all time. As the chief of the Gestapo's Jewish section, he has been charged with implementing the cold-blooded murder of an estimated six million men, women, and children. We fully understand why it appears fitting to many persons to apply to Eichmann the capital-punishment provision of Israel's genocide law. We recognize in ourselves the human desire for revenge in this case. But we believe it is necessary to suppress this desire. We believe it would be a mockery to commemorate the martyrdom of the millions of Nazi victims by engaging in the futile and pathetic gesture of one more killing. We propose to erect a monument that is more meaningful.

"As members of the world community in whose name Israel acts in this case, we call upon that nation to forsake the right to place Eichmann on trial for his life. Rather, he should be placed on trial *for life itself*. The trial should be for the sole purpose of determining his exact responsibility for the mass murders. If any degree of direct responsibility is established, he should be remanded to a special research unit of the United Nations. In the life-long custody of that organization, he could be subjected to examination by the world's most learned authorities on individual and social behavior. This uniquely intensive study would embrace every phase of his physical and mental make-up as well as every significant incident of his public and private history.

"We recognize that psychology still is an infant science. But we believe mankind's survival may depend on the fragmentary insights gained from individual studies such as we propose in this case. We are convinced that the killing of Eichmann would accomplish nothing but the removal of a valuable living reminder of the destructive potential of the human personality. And the exacting of capital revenge involves the risk that Eichmann would be converted into a martyr in the eyes of unsophisticated youth. . . .

"We cannot raise the moral level of civilization if we repeatedly descend to using the same methods as those who would destroy humanity. All human beings learn by example, and we abhor the example set by executioners."

IRWIN M. MOSKOWITZ
Consultant to the penal-affairs subcommittee of the Friends Committee on Legislation of Southern California
Los Angeles, California

'Utter Inconsistency'

Dear Sirs:

Weren't you worried, when you editorially commended President Kennedy on the gag-rule he forced down the throats of his admirals and generals, that you would be taken to task by David McReynolds, by all those who endorsed his article, and by the American Civil Liberties Union? If "freedom of speech" is a universal absolute for the "liberal," no "liberal" magazine should applaud a limitation of that freedom, even if (or, perhaps, especially if) it is applied to opinions with which it disagrees. So your editorial did not live up to the standards set in McReynolds' article, "Hitler in New York," in behalf of George Rockwell, nor to those of the ACLU activities on his behalf.

Indeed, by their definitions, you stand accused of utter inconsistency. As far as "clear and present danger" goes, the relatively factual speeches of the more or less well-informed, more or less responsible admirals and generals, delivered to groups of "solid citizens," are less likely to incite an immediate war than the words of a hysterical Rockwell are liable to incite a riot by reaching some youthful members of New York City gangs. Like Hitler, Rockwell could put an end to the frustrating aimlessness of these youths and give them a cause. (And what better cause, sanctioned by centuries of tradition, than the killing of Jews can any gang ask for?)

So, McReynolds may write indignantly about the stupidity of our President (as he did about New York's Mayor Wagner) and the inconsistency of fair-weather liberals. But *The Progressive* need not worry! McReynolds will not come to the aid of the admirals and the generals, nor will he be angry at a liberal, somewhat pacifist, magazine for rejoicing in the silencing of the warmongers. The only thing that makes McReynolds and his ilk indignant and self-righteously angry is to see Jews—each of whom mourns a precious life in Hitler's crematoria—react with fright at the sight of an American Hitler and seek protection here, there, somewhere.

The perfectionist libertarian has one answer to the Jew, haunted by memories of Auschwitz and Maidanek: "Die heroically for my faith in absolute liberty!" But the puzzling question that would occur to any fair and decent man of the street is still: Why is Jewish blood so cheap for liberal absolutists? Why are they always so ready to fight for their absolute principles till the last drop of *our* blood?

ESTHER TICKTIN
Madison, Wisconsin

Rotten Eggs for Rockwell

Dear Sirs:

The official stand of the American Civil Liberties Union to safeguard civil rights was commendable, but I am one of those ready to throw rotten eggs at Fuehrer George Rockwell and his followers the next time he puts in an appearance here, even if I had to spend time in jail for it.

FLORENCE E. ANDERS
New York City

Russia's U.N. Proposals

Dear Sirs:

The proposal on improving the structure and the executive body of the United Na-

tions advanced by Nikita Khrushchev from the rostrum of the Fifteenth Session of the United Nations General Assembly evoked much comment in the press of all countries.

I think that one of the most characteristic comments of the opponents of the Soviet proposals was an editorial in the New York *Times* which claims the Soviet proposals would inevitably "paralyze the United Nations executive," and would "deliberately introduce partisanship into the executive, split it apart, and impose on the policy-making decisions."

Actually quite the opposite is true. The main aim of the Soviet proposals is precisely to remove the "partisanship" of the Secretary General, that is, his adherence to the West, and instead transform the Secretariat into a body in which the interests of all "sides" would be represented.

It is doubtful whether anyone will refute the fact that both the Socialists and Afro-Asian groups of states never had, nor do they at present have, proper representation in the United Nations apparatus. Dag Hammerskjold expresses in the Secretariat the interests of only one group of states—the countries of the West. Such a unilateral approach is extremely detrimental to international cooperation, and it is precisely this, using the expression of the New York *Times*, that "paralyzes the United Nations executive."

The United Nations Charter speaks of the necessity of ensuring the objectivity of the Secretary General in the interests of the United Nations, as well as of those nations of different social systems and geographical areas. The correctness and wisdom of this idea is irrefutable. In full accord with this basic idea the Soviet Union proposes to replace the one-man authority of the Secretary General by a collective body representing the three groups of states existing at present.

I shall cite only one of the many comments made by people who correctly understood the idea behind the Soviet proposals on improving the United Nations executive body. An Austrian journalist recently wrote in *Der Rundblick*:

"The role of the United Nations Secretary General retains its meaning only while the Secretary General enjoys the confidence of all groups represented in the United Nations. However, when this confidence is absent, as in the present case, the Secretary General should resign if he really regards his duties seriously. Indeed, the United Nations cannot simply base itself on a majority vote. This organization should be guided in its activities by the principles of cooperation which suits all groups represented in the United Nations. Those who intend to base themselves only on decisions adopted by a majority vote will sooner or later destroy the United Nations."

GRIGORY MOROZOV
Moscow, Russia

Rand Disavows Kahn

Dear Sirs:

The new book by Herman Kahn, *On Thermonuclear War*, has provoked a great deal of discussion and controversy. Unfortunately, in many news stories, in magazine articles, and in Letters to the Editor, the point of view expressed by Kahn has become identified with the official point of view of the Rand Corporation.

I think that it is essential to point out that Rand is a nonprofit research corporation with no official point of view—except for that of examining problems of national concern. Its research includes studies ranging from space travel to cancer research, from neutrons to neutrality. As a member of the physics division at Rand, Kahn has the privilege of publishing his opinions on matters of civil defense, nuclear war, national survival, and so on. They no more represent the official views of the Rand Corporation than do the views of Walter Teller at Berkeley, a physicist, Linus Pauling at California Institute of Technology, a chemist, or Harlow Shapley at Harvard, an astronomer, represent the official views of their respective universities on social, political, and economic matters.

On the basis of personal conversation, I can report that a number of senior members of the Rand Corporation who have examined these questions over the last five or ten years do not share Kahn's views, and I myself do not have these troglodytic, apocalyptic visions of Kahn.

RICHARD BELLMAN
The Rand Corporation
Santa Monica, California

Bell & Howell's Principles

Dear Sirs:

It was good to read in your February issue the praise of Bell and Howell for their television programs on the South.

It was Bell and Howell, quite alone among big corporations, that took a courageous stand on the tariff several years ago, saying in substance: "Let foreign-made cameras come in without protective barriers; we will find a way to match quality and cost without disaster." Theirs is an admirable example of doing the right thing against threats and fears of the "you'll-be-sorry-type," and then out of it all being rewarded with proper profits under the banner of high principle.

LEE M. BROOKS
Webster, North Carolina

Trade Food for Gold

Dear Sirs:

Mild disappointment was expressed editorially in your February issue over President Kennedy's failure to propose that our surplus food be made available to the Russians and Red Chinese. I, too, believe in humanitarianism, but I find it hard to share your distress.

Despite our recession, the cold war bitterness and the dollar-weakening lesson taught by fifteen years of handouts to other nations, a kindly Uncle Sam would still aid these fellow humans. However, observers overseas report that actual famine conditions do not exist. The stronger provinces are able to help others hit by crop failures.

If the Soviets are really desperate for our surplus grain, they do have goods to trade. It is no secret that Russia has a vast surplus of one particular commodity from the Ural Mountains—a bright yellow metal that we could use quite handily right now.

L. STILLMAN
Lemon Grove, California

Africa's Slaves

Dear Sirs:

I wonder how many of your readers noticed the relation between two of the articles in your February issue. I refer to C. P. Snow's "Either-Or" and Clyde Sanger's "Wind of Change in Central Africa." Sir Charles pictures the white people as dining luxuriously inside a cozy restaurant while starving, dark-skinned people outside are looking in with resentment. It is a moving picture.

However, Clyde Sanger's article shows that the darker skinned people may, after all, have some cause for resentment other than mere envy. Africa is essentially a huge slave-labor camp where the food and other symbols of luxurious living are produced by the dark-skinned slaves for the benefit of the white man.

THEIN WAH
San Antonio, Texas

Great Discovery

Dear Sirs:

The Progressive is one of my greatest discoveries in my visit to the United States, and I am taking it back to my country, Chile, as an example of good, free journalism. *The Progressive* is a magazine of broad outlook and courageous standing.

The articles on Cuba by James O'Connor constitute the most comprehensive and honest study I have read on the subject. O'Connor has pointed out intelligently the faults in the foreign policy of your country toward Latin America in general.

EDUARDO REYES
Monterey, California

Warns against Militarism

Dear Sirs:

During World War II, noted American philosopher-mathematician Morris R. Cohen wrote:

"We are adopting the things that made our enemies powerful, and incidentally the things that made them our enemies. The first result of any war is that the adversaries exchange vices. Our danger is that we shall copy the militarism that corrupted Germany and Japan."

The late Professor Cohen ranks as one of America's wisest and noblest minds. His brilliant teaching career took him to such diverse and distinguished institutions as Columbia, City College of New York, Chicago, Yale, Harvard, John Hopkins, and Stanford.

Professor Cohen died not long after expressing this prophetic view. What he feared has practically overtaken us. We have been unconsciously but certainly creating an America dedicated to force.

While there is still time, the White House, the State and Defense Departments, and the Senate and House Committees that deal with the armed services and foreign affairs, might well heed the wise man's warning.

CYRUS S. EATON
Cleveland, Ohio

Mayer's Fairy Tales

Dear Sirs:

In reference to "As It Is in Heaven," in the January issue, Milton Mayer writes a wonderful fairy tale. Has he ever considered writing fact?

RICHARD L. JOHNSON
Walnut Creek, California

Use Wadsworth's Talents

Dear Sirs:

I am glad to have seen your memo to the President on James J. Wadsworth in the March issue.

During the crucial months in 1959 and 1960 when the test-ban negotiations were being conducted by Ambassador Wadsworth in Geneva, I had occasion to correspond with him on several occasions. In every instance I had a prompt, informative reply, and was made to feel that he had valued my interest.

Before reading your memo, I was contemplating a letter to President Kennedy, urging the further use of Mr. Wadsworth's talents. However, I'm sure that a letter from me, and many others like me, now will carry much more weight because of your thoughtful memo.

MARYE MYERS
Los Angeles, California

Praise from Brazil

Dear Sirs:

I am only a recent subscriber to *The Progressive*, but your magazine already ranks very high in my preferences. I congratulate you on the outstanding quality of your magazine. It is a pity that a larger share of such inspiring and stimulating American journalism does not reach enough of the world. It if could spread throughout the world, faith in America would truly rise.

MANOEL LUIZ LEAO
Porto Alegre, Brazil

Pleads Strikers' Innocence

Dear Sirs:

On November 3, eight leaders of the Harriet-Henderson Textile Workers strike in Henderson, N. C., entered North Carolina State Prison to serve sentences, of two to ten years, on charges of which the great majority of people who know them believe them to be innocent.

They received these sentences for talking to a man sent to see them (and hired for that purpose) by state authorities. This man, Harold E. Aaron, a former convict with a personal grudge against the Textile Workers Union of America (TWUA), which had refused to save his job when he was fired for good cause from the Fieldcrest Mills, offered to blow up the Harriet-Henderson Mills if the eight union men would supply him with dynamite. He claims that they assented to his plan; they deny it. They point to the fact (which the prosecution admitted at the trial) that they took no action whatever to comply with Aaron's request for dynamite.

It is admitted that Aaron was quartered in a motel in Roanoke Rapids in a room rented by the State Bureau of Investigation, and that the same source furnished him with hard liquor or the funds and means of obtaining it. For accepting his drinks and listening to his plot (but never carrying it out) the sovereign state of North Carolina wants from two to ten years out of the lives of eight men.

The convictions arose out of the two-year-old strike at the Harriet-Henderson Cotton Mills. In November, 1958, after fourteen years of peaceful relations with the TWUA, the company had announced that it would not renew the union contract unless the union gave up all rights to ask arbitration of grievances. A five-month strike ensued, which was settled April 17, 1959, by an agreement reached under the auspices of Luther H. Hodges, then governor of North Carolina and now Secretary of Commerce in the Cabinet of President Kennedy. Within three days the company repudiated the agreement, and the union had no choice but to renew the strike.

During the strike, Boyd E. Payton, regional director of the TWUA and one of the eight later convicted, was beaten into unconsciousness in the doorway of his hotel room. The men who did it have not been arrested to this day.

It is hard to believe that these strike leaders would take part in an outrage which, even if it had not led to prosecution, would have served no purpose but revenge, and would have tarnished their union's reputation and set back its hopes of organizing the South. And it is significant that Payton's neighbors in Charlotte—middle-class Southerners who can by no stretch of the imagination be accused of pro-union bias—have expressed their belief in his innocence.

The convictions were upheld by the North Carolina Supreme Court, which is not surprising in view of the climate of opinion that prevails in the South today on the question of unionism. Friends of these men would welcome a thorough investigation of the case by any Federal authorities—legislative, executive, or judicial—confident that a full disclosure of the facts of the case would prove their innocence.

T. S. HOLMAN
Recording Secretary
Passaic County Industrial
Union Council (CIO)
Paterson, New Jersey

Freedom to Starve

Dear Sirs:

Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater, a millionaire, naturally is opposed to having the people's government do for the people what he has always expected it to do for property. He believes that when a man finds himself unable to get a job that will support himself and his family, government must not step in to help the man because that would be a deprivation of "freedom." What "freedom" does he mean? Is it not the "freedom" to starve?

Goldwater, however, does not believe in the "freedom" of property to exist without government aid and support. He does not want property to be relieved of government support as it has in Cuba and other lands.

JOHN HALCONE
Pasadena, California

Adenauer No Nazi

Dear Sirs:

I was a little surprised to see the swastika behind a picture of Konrad Adenauer in your February issue. I realize that the illustration is in an advertisement and does not necessarily represent *The Progressive's* point of view. Nonetheless, because the swastika is so surcharged with emotion, I think it is unfair to use it in that context.

As you know, Adenauer was never accused of being a Nazi. He was arrested by the Nazis during the Hitler regime and returned to his job as Mayor of Cologne by the United States occupation forces.

JAMES FINUCANE
Executive Secretary
Committee for Return of
Confiscated German and
Japanese Property
Washington, D. C.

Deplores Senate Conformity

Dear Sirs:

A careful perusal of the *Congressional Record's* complete transcript of the Senate debate on the confirmation of the appointment of John B. Connally as Secretary of the Navy is enlightening.

It is wonderful to see how magically the big oil power complex has cast its spell over the United States Senate. The whole concept of conflict of interest was persuasively explained away by Connally's supporters, Democrats and Republicans alike, as only a rather loathsome derangement of a diseased imagination, from which the Senate majority was fortunately free from any infection.

The "superficial observer" cannot help but admire Senator William Proxmire's courageous exploration of the issues involved in the Connally appointment. The pressure for conformity, upon young Senators especially, must be almost overwhelming. Reprisals can be savage and vengeful, as Senator Joseph Clark has found in the present session of Congress.

H. R. GLASCOCK, SR.
Eddyville, Oregon

Psychic Needs Abroad

Dear Sirs:

I have just read "Youth for Peace" by Henry S. Reuss in your February issue. While we have men in Congress who can write reports like that, I say there is hope for America.

From my own experience in foreign service with the American Friends Service Committee, I came to realize that the economically underdeveloped peoples not only have tremendous political and economic needs, but they also have what might be called psychic needs. In the face of massive Western culture and its technology, they tend to feel desperately inferior and inadequate, though they will rarely admit this.

In the process of serving the economic and educational needs of these people, we must always seek to serve the psychic need simultaneously. How? By taking the trou-

ble to be seriously interested in their language and their culture, by seeking to get from them as well as to give to them. Our young people should always be in the position of *exchanging* knowledge and ideas, never of merely dispensing them.

This has two effects. First, it builds the dignity and self-respect of the people and makes them far more receptive to what we have to offer. Secondly, it enriches us, giving us fresh knowledge and deeper insight both into them and into ourselves. It helps us to become more cultivated men and women.

Such an approach is not difficult to teach to the young people who will be in our Youth Corps. The foundations for it are firmly planted in our American heritage, so that it need only be brought into the open and vigorously presented. I've seen this done in the American Friends Service Committee, and it really works. I hope it will also be done, invariably, in the training of the Youth Corps.

ERNEST MORGAN
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Applauds Peace Corps

Dear Sirs:

As one who has used these pages to criticize Representative Henry Reuss' views on monetary policy, I would like to take this opportunity to applaud vigorously his long, enlightened, and creative drive for a Youth Peace Corps. It is conceivable that such a project, properly motivated and adequately organized, could rekindle and carry throughout the world the light of freedom and brotherhood, now somewhat dim, but once the shining beacon of the "American Dream."

WALTER W. HAINES
Pomona, New York

Fed Up with Negroes

Dear Sirs:

I am cancelling my subscription because I am fed to nausea with the plight of the Negro. I am wrung dry, and can see no solution but that Negroes take matters into their own hands and fight their own battles.

I know what I am talking about. For fifteen years I have taught in an integrated high school; my children attended integrated schools. Our neighborhood, near the University of Chicago, is integrated—neighbors on both sides of us are Negro.

I listen to their high pitched squealing and struggle with their passive resistance to education all day long. It is not the color of their skin that is objectionable; it is the excessive sexuality, the careless unconcern for casual child-bearing, the lack of personal pride, and the hysterical fear of everything and nothing.

When they produce a Patrick Henry of their own and become willing to stick their own necks out for the rights denied them, then and only then will they merit our respect.

The paternalism of the "liberal" suffering from a guilt complex does nothing to stiffen the jelly backbones. Count me out.

ADAH MAURER
Chicago, Illinois

BOOKS

Not Yet Too Late

IN PLACE OF FOLLY, by Norman Cousins. Harper. 224 pp. $3.00.

RUSSIA, AMERICA, AND THE WORLD, by Louis Fischer. Harper, 244 pp. $4.50.

THE NECESSITY FOR CHOICE, by Henry A. Kissinger. Harper. 370 pp. $5.50.

Reviewed by

William L. Neumann

IF BOOKS could cure, the health of American foreign policy would be assured. The election of a new President has brought hope once more for a drastic change in policy and encouraged diagnosticians and therapists to make another effort to save the Republic. This trio of books comes from the editor of the *Saturday Review*, from a veteran journalist and specialist in Russian affairs, and from a Harvard professor of political science. Each of the volumes has something of value to offer, although the quality and character of the contributions vary widely.

As a leading proponent of disarmament, Norman Cousins has written a useful primer, *In Place of Folly*, on the nature of thermonuclear war as well as on the potential of CBR (chemical-bacteriological-radiological) warfare. He reviews the conventional arguments in support of the nuclear deterrent and attacks the false dichotomy by which opponents of disarmament frequently equate all such moves with surrender and slavery. He also explores the problem of sovereignty in a disarming and a disarmed world and urges steps to make the United Nations into something more than a league of sovereign states.

Cousins' book can be recommended for those who have yet to give any serious consideration to the issue of disarmament. In his final chapter, entitled "Checklist of Enemies," he includes those who refuse to be concerned about the problems of war, the fatalists who proclaim man's helplessness in his predicament, and the trusting souls who feel that only officials in high places are in a position to think and act.

Louis Fischer's book, *Russia, America, and the World*, is a rambling mixture of the commonplace with a sprinkling of the thoughtful generalizations one expected in the author's earlier volumes. As a Russian specialist one of his themes merits special emphasis: Soviet Russia, like Communist China, he insists, behaves like a nation, and nations behave with a constancy which is irrespective of their particular ideology or social and political systems. He thus rejects the view strongly maintained under the Dulles era that Soviet moves were understandable only when related to quotations from obscure writings of Marx or Lenin. But when Fischer comes to prescribe for American policy *vis-a-vis* the Soviet Union today, he repeats far too many vague and platitudinous statements.

Henry Kissinger is best known for his earlier book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, which attacked the policy of massive retaliation and supported the concept of limited nuclear war. Kissinger has now come to the conclusion that major reliance must be placed on conventional weapons and that nuclear arms should be used only as last-ditch defense measures. His new book, *The Necessity for Choice*, presents an involved and vigorous indictment of the policies which he believes have already resulted in a drastic loss of American power. Kissinger calls for an heroic ef-

fort to "arrest narcissism and the collapse which starts at the moment of seemingly greatest achievement." Like President Kennedy in his inaugural address, Kissinger calls upon Americans to make sacrifices for their country in order to maintain American leadership in this disordered world.

Can this country be mobilized to make the major effort necessary if the United States is to play the desired role? When the new cabinet officers have been asked in interviews about the sacrifices which their departments are going to call upon citizens to make, they have been most evasive. A popular morning television program recently asked listeners to send in proposals as to the contributions they were personally ready to make for their country. Thousands of letters have poured in, but some forty per cent of the writers have been able to suggest only the obverse—what government should do for them. Many of the other writers' concepts of sacrifice were to accept well-paid government jobs or to be honest about their income tax returns. Only ten per cent seem to have been able to grasp the fact that they were being asked to think about giving rather than receiving.

If this is an indication of the present state of American thinking, then the Kennedy Administration will have to face the unpleasant task of scaling down its efforts and aiming only at minor goals which can be achieved with the limited efforts sustainable by a complacent and self-centered citizenry. On the other hand, the enthusiastic response of many American college students to the concept of the "Peace Corps" is evidence that there is still some vigor to be marshalled by imaginative leadership. All three authors seem to believe that it is late, but not yet too late.

THE REVIEWERS

WILLIAM L. NEUMANN, formerly director of the Foundation for Foreign Affairs, teaches diplomatic history at Goucher College. DAVID FELLMAN is a professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin. CHARLES S. BRADEN is a former professor of the history and literature of religions at Northwestern University; among his books is "Communism and World Religion." GEORGE MOSSE specializes in European intellectual history at the University of Wisconsin. TOM BURKE is on the editorial staff of a national magazine. WILLIAM McCANN reviews paperbacks regularly for The Progressive.

Facets of Freedom

THE SMUT PEDDLERS, by James Jackson Kilpatrick. Doubleday, 323 pp. $4.50.

THE QUEST FOR EQUALITY, by Robert J. Harris. Louisiana State University Press. 172. pp. $4.

Reviewed by

David Fellman

ABOUT ALL that these two books have in common is that they deal with aspects of what we roughly call the civil liberties field. Kilpatrick's book is concerned with the problems of obscenity censorship. The Harris volume analyzes the meaning of the doctrine of equal protection in American political theory and in the jurisprudence of the Supreme Court. Both books are serious, informed, and well-written, and both authors write in a highly responsible manner. Harris teaches constitutional law in the political science department of Vanderbilt University. His book on the equal protection conception is based upon competent scholarship. Kilpatrick is editor of the Richmond *News Leader;* his book is equally scholarly, being thoroughly annotated and embodying a great deal of careful research.

Having engaged in a considerable amount of empirical research, Kilpatrick makes the point abundantly clear that there are quite a few entrepreneurs engaged in the pornography racket. It is equally clear that in the eyes of the law the advertisement, sale, and distribution of this bilge is unlawful, and this is as it should be. To my knowledge no responsible or sensible civil libertarian defends hard-core pornography. But this is not the area of controversy. The controversy arises when the censors ban the books of serious authors, such as James Joyce, Edmund Wilson, James Farrell, and Honore de Balzac. My only quarrel with Kilpatrick is that he tends to lump the kind of problem one finds in the suppression of hard-core smut with the sort of question which inheres in the attempt to censor a serious book which deals frankly with some aspect of sexual experience. The first part of the book describes some of the basic facts of the smut racket, but the other three parts of the book deal largely with controversial issues relating to the propriety of the sale of books written by reputable authors. While the author does recognize the difference between hard-core pornography and serious books, and indeed between hard cover and paperback books, the organization of the book as a whole tends to sweep everything into the same tent.

Having said all this, I should like to state that this is a reasonable and sensible book, and in many ways the best we now have on the subject. The author is no book-burner, and he approves of the various standards of judgment which our courts have developed during recent years to stay the hand of the censor. The right to publish is not, and cannot be, unlimited, but on the other hand the right to censor is also far from absolute. The intellectual problem here is the age-old search for a proper balance between freedom and the abuse of freedom. Kilpatrick does not pretend that the problem can be solved by some facile and simple formula. But he does spell out forcefully and learnedly the progress we have made in the elaboration of reasonable tests and procedures.

While we now have a large and rapidly expanding body of literature dealing with the school segregation problem, we have surprisingly few books on the concept of equal protection as a constitutional doctrine. Harris devotes the last chapter of *The Quest for Equality* to a penetrating analysis of the Supreme Court's decisions in the school segregation cases of 1954. But the rest of the book is concerned with the place of the concept of equal protection in the general stream of American political theory, and in Supreme Court decisions. Following a chapter on the stormy debut of the Fourteenth Amendment, the heart of the book is found in the analysis of the large number of constitutional decisions in which the equal protection clause was construed by the nation's highest court.

The history of the equal protection clause amply supports Harris's conclusion that while the 1954 *decision* of the Court, which threw out the "separate but equal" doctrine announced in 1896 in *Plessy v. Ferguson,* was a great decision, the *opinion* of Chief Justice Warren was not. Harris is unquestionably correct in

asserting that all the Court had to do was to hold that the "separate but equal" formula was not in accord with precedents before and after 1896. Instead of overruling *Plessy* as having been erroneous at the time it was decided, the Chief Justice preferred to argue merely that because of the growth of public education since then, and advances in psychological knowledge, the *Plessy* doctrine was now unacceptable. This explains why the opinion in the school segregation cases is not a truly distinguished one, and why it has been so vulnerable to damaging criticism. The point Harris makes is that there was no need for the Court to invoke the authority of contemporary social scientists, since the position it took was in the great historic tradition of the equal protection of the laws. For, speaking generally, "the Court has done no more than reaffirm the traditional American doctrine of equality before the law . . ." This is a wise and learned book, a brilliant introduction to an important segment of American constitutional law.

Churches under Fire

COMMUNISM AND THE CHURCHES, by Ralph Lord Roy. Harcourt, Brace. 495 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by

Charles S. Braden

FOR A LONG time now various radio commentators and newspaper columnists have been declaring that the churches, especially the Protestant churches, have been infiltrated by the Communists and that the Protestant clergy are being used by Communists as a principal means of achieving their nefarious ends. If the charge is indeed true, then obviously something ought to be done about it. But is it true? Have any of the men who have made the charges ever made a careful study of the matter? Or have they taken the word of irresponsible persons who made the charges without giving any dependable evidence to support their claims?

Such a study has been long overdue, and those who are responsible for initiating and financing this study have placed all America, and particularly the churches, deeply in their debt. *Communism and the Churches* is a careful, painstaking attempt to find out the truth on the basis of all the available sources both within and without Communism. The author has read practically everything having a bearing on the question. He has interviewed literally hundreds of persons, Communists and non-Communists, who have in any way been related to the Communist movement, and the leaders of the church groups that have been involved. A few conspicuous individuals consistently refused to talk or communicate with him. On the basis of all this inquiry, stretching over a period of years, Ralph Lord Roy has put together an amazingly complete study of the whole question and has documented whatever he has written.

Communism of course starts off with an attitude of utter hostility to the churches. If religion be the opium of the people, then the Communist attitude could hardly be otherwise. Religion is something to be discarded, ultimately destroyed; American as well as Russian Communists thought this. But it gradually began to dawn upon the Communists that through their hostility to religion they were hurting their own cause. Roy notes the Scottsboro case as the occasion of the Communists' discovery of the churches as a possible source of aid in their conquest of America. Particularly they discovered that in the winning of the colored people no better approach was possible than through their clergy, to whom Negroes looked more than to any other source for leadership and guidance. So began the cultivation of the Negro ministers. With their handicap of severe racial discrimination, might not Negroes be unusually open to Communist propaganda, heavily larded with the claim that in Communism there is no distinction of race or color?

If Communists did succeed in attracting any considerable number of the clergy of America, it was chiefly among Negroes; most of them did not become party members or remained within the party a relatively short time. Everything considered, it is rather amazing that the Communists were not more successful, for here was surely the group in American life most discriminated against and underprivileged.

The discovery of the churches led logically to the strategy of creating "front" organizations, not avowedly Communist, usually bearing high sounding titles calculated to appeal to all those who cherished the ideal of a peaceful world. In this effort the Communists were most successful, and it is a fact that some clergymen, not knowing that the movements which they were asked to support were in any way connected with Communism, were induced to lend their names as sponsors or sometimes even as active workers on behalf of the causes represented. On discovering that there was Communist control or at least large influence in them, most clergymen withdrew and asked that their names no longer be used on letterheads or in advertisements of the movements. But this did not save many of them from extreme embarrassment later, when the fact of their membership or sponsorship got into the files of investigating committees that paid no attention to the dates of membership or of withdrawal. There are still several pamphlets in circulation making utterly false statements concerning these affiliations.

Roy reveals that there were a few clergymen who actually became card-carrying party members. In view of the many thousands of ministers, it is remarkable that so small a percentage should even have been accused of membership, much less really belonged to the party. There were some rather prominent leaders who, though never proven to have been party members, did follow the party line most of the time; in most cases, even these men did record sharp criticism of some of the Communist policies and practices.

It would be unfair to present all of Roy's conclusions, which should be read as the outcome of his study. In general he admits to finding a few Communists in the churches, some of them in places of influence; to conclude from this that the churches have been deeply infiltrated, or that they stand in danger of serious infiltration from Communism will seem quite beyond belief to those who will take the trouble to read this book and carefully assess the evidence Roy presents.

Here is a first class book of reference on the various celebrated cases

of suspected Communist infiltration. If one wants to know about Bishop Oxnam, or Elmer Guy Shipley, or Howard Melish, or Jack McMichael, or the Methodist Federation for Social Action, or the fight within the Unitarian church or within the Eastern Orthodox churches, or any others where the question had arisen in acute form, here is the place to get a careful marshaling of the facts.

Man as a Commodity

THE INFORMED HEART: AUTONOMY IN A MASS AGE, by Bruno Bettelheim. Free Press. 309 pp. $5.

Reviewed by

George Mosse

THE IDEALS of human progress and of hope for a better life through social reorganization have been severely tested in our own age. Modern man is haunted by the vision of his own degradation. *The Informed Heart* should be required reading for all those who are interested in re-examining liberal dogma in the face of the challenges Bruno Bettelheim raises. The book's core concerns the "extreme" situation of man imprisoned in the National Socialist concentration camps. This is not an enumeration of that catalogue of horrors with which we are all too familiar, but a serious attempt to derive meaning from these horrors for our time. Bettelheim is a psychologist, and while he applies psychological criteria to his observations, they lead him towards some fundamental criticisms of the Freudian approach in which he was trained. Indeed, his conclusions spring from a repudiation of much of what he had hitherto accepted as part of psychological thought.

The totalitarian concentration camp society changed the human personality of its victims. To Bettelheim this seems to be of the essence: that the modern state now has in its hands the means of actually changing personality. The operations of the S.S. were geared to this end, chiefly by inducing in the inmates a childlike dependence upon their guards, and destroying their adult frame of reference. Men and women, living in an artificial society over which they had no control, became "living corpses." As if this were not enough, Bettelheim demonstrates that this childlike dependence involves taking on the very value system of the rulers, complete with brutality and racism. Thus Bettleheim explains the ultimate degradation of modern man: how thousands could be ruled by a few guards, how men and women could go to their death without protesting.

Modern psychology seems to him mistaken in two particulars. According to modern psychology, the inner man, not society, creates the personality. Yet the changes in personality under the extreme situation of concentration camp existence came about through a rigid control of the environment, consciously manipulated by the S.S. Man was deprived of his autonomy; everything was controlled by an external and uncontrollable power. Moreover, psychology seeks to adjust man to society, but in a concentration camp there is no conventional society to adjust to, and the reality of evil cannot be sublimated.

Those who shut their eyes to concentration camp reality were most easily made the victims of it. Those who survived best were men and women who faced their situation and attempted to adjust to it while secretly keeping some attitudes of their former world intact. Bettelheim's critique of *The Diary of Anne Frank* is to the point. Here was a family that shut its eyes to the National Socialist reality and its implications. The father taught his children academic subjects instead of how to escape in case of danger; the family remained together instead of scattering, which might have saved their lives. The play ends with Anne pro claiming her belief in the goodness of all men. To Bettelheim this shirks the very problems which the book raised. Belief in the goodness of man is an escape from the reality of the totalitarian environment, which can transform the central autonomy of human personality into a robot-like dependence upon a brutal ruler. That man can be good thus becomes beside the point.

To Bettelheim, the dangers of such a society are a part of the industrial, social, and technological revolution in which we live; they are, therefore, ever present. His hope is based on the better understanding by man of these dangers as well as upon his observation that men in the concentration camp situation did embrace death rather than live as a commodity. Excellent though his actual analysis may be, his larger conclusions do not quite convince. The society he analyzes existed at a point when a certain ideology was triumphant. It is admitted by Bettelheim that even Soviet labor camps do not display the same extreme types of personality change. Moreover, it is always dangerous to generalize from "extreme" human situations, though this has, significantly, become the fashion in our time. There is no evidence that history repeats itself in an identical manner, even though the identical problems may still want solution.

The lesson which men concerned with human progress and human freedom might draw from this book is somewhat different from Bettelheim's own point of view. Social organization now has a demonstrable power over man. It can even change that human nature which previous generations believed was entirely or partially impervious to the social process. Men hoping to improve society must not be sidetracked into searching for the recesses of man's soul but instead must realize that human freedom and social organization are inseparable.

Fiction Shorts

SERMONS AND SODA WATER, by John O'Hara. Random House. $5.95.

NIGHTS IN THE GARDENS OF BROOKLYN, by Harvey Swados. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.

Reviewed by

Tom Burke

JOHN O'HARA takes the title for his collection of three short novels from Byron's *Don Juan*:

"Let us have wine and women,
mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda water the day after."

The novelle are brief, but O'Hara's sermons and soda water are fully as sobering as they were when he wrote *Appointment in Samarra* twenty-seven years ago. Several O'Hara-ites from previous works reappear: James Malloy again leaves Gibbsville,

Pennsylvania, for New York and a writing career. Malloy is the narrator, but more than an observer. His relationships to the other characters provide an excellent springboard for O'Hara at his vintage best.

"Imagine Kissing Pete" (first published in *The New Yorker*) is the most fully realized of the three stories. "Bobbie" Hammersmith, a Gibbsville belle, marries homely Pete McCrea after being spurned by a more desirable beau from the East. Pete soon realizes that he has been chosen from spite, and makes life miserable for both of them. The narrative follows the couple's social and moral decline. But Bobbie's moral disintegration is not complete. She does not leave Pete, though she loathes him—and she regains stature at the end of the story when she watches, erect and smiling, as her son takes top honors at a 1960 Princeton Commencement.

As James Malloy grows older, he explores the memories of his youth: "Moments would come back to me" [he says] "of love and excitement . . . the throbbing urging of George

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PUBLICATIONS

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Gershwin's *Do It Again* . . . a tea dance at the club and a girl in a long black satin dress and my furious jealousy of a fellow who wore a yellow foulard tie . . . the tone in which her brother had said to her: 'Are you coming or aren't you?' and the sounds of his galoshes after she said: 'I'm going home with Mr. Malloy.' They were the things I knew before we knew everything, and, I suppose, before we began to learn."

"The Girl on the Baggage Truck" revisits a second O'Hara province: the New York speakeasies, the bars, the hotels. Charlotte Sears is the girl, a movie star just past the height of her popularity and a realist. James Malloy is her press agent. This is the world of the status seekers, and the world of the confident wealthy. O'Hara achieves one of his finest pieces of writing in a Long Island prohibition house party scene—and provides his heroine with a satisfying, if compromised, final peace.

"We're Friends Again" has not quite the force of the other two stories, though it offers some sharply defined portraits of O'Hara New Dealers on the World War II home front. It follows James Malloy in a somewhat resigned middle-age—but it does not provide quite the denouement that the reader expects.

Except for this flaw, O'Hara has fused his three related novels into a literary whole. He lays bare the behavior and idiom of the characters and their milieu with scalpel precision; he brings "the losing, not the lost, generation" powerfully up to date, and reveals more in a phrase about the mood and feeling of the Thirties and Forties than do a hundred history books.

Harvey Swados' collection of short stories bears what is probably the most engaging title to grace the bookstore windows all season.

One of the best stories, "Year of Grace," concerns a young professor, abroad on a foundation fellowship, and his wife. Victoria, a former psychology major, has always hoped to marry "a cultivated man." She works in her father's college-town drug store, and meets Burton, who cultivates the language and culture of medieval Provence. They go to France soon after their marriage, and Victoria, who has felt inadequate in the face of her husband's intellect, begins to emerge from her Doll's House when she observes that the religious paintings, the language, and the literature of southern France are "far from the front rank." Why, then, is Burton so absorbed in a field "of minimal interest even to cultured people"?

When Victoria recognizes her husband's fatuous ambition for what it is, her own intellectual freedom is born. Victoria is fully realized as a character; "A Year of Grace" is a satisfying, if not very original, story.

"A Glance in the Mirror," about a rather irresponsible but successful band-leader who returns to his home town for a long-delayed visit with his daughter and divorced wife, evokes a mood and atmosphere reminiscent of F. Scott Fitzgerald's short works. "The Man in the Toolhouse" is the story of a sincere author whose lifetime work, an historical novel, offers him an empty and tragic success; "The Peacocks of Avignon" is a skillful portrait of a girl seeking emotional roots. "A Question of Loneliness" concerns a young couple beset with financial difficulties who save enough money to afford an evening at a Broadway play; they leave their baby in the hands of an aged sitter, with rather bizarre results. It is a brooding tale of thwarted marital communication.

Though these themes and settings have been amply explored in American fiction, Swados brings to them at least a measure of freshness and a sturdy technique. The rest of the stories lack freshness.

Paperback Plums

by William McCann

HANDSOME covers and modest prices make good novels in paperbacks enormously appealing. Publishers, now happily aware of this, have brought out in recent months many interesting titles. Some of these are old stand-bys; others were originally published not so long ago:

Finnegans Wake, by James Joyce (Compass Books. $1.95)

Jacob's Room and *The Waves*, by Virginia Woolf. Two complete novels (Harvest. $2.25)

Orlando, by Virginia Woolf (Signet Classic. 50 cents)

Living in the Present, by John Wain (Capricorn. $1.25)

Roderick Hudson, by Henry James. Introduction by Leon Edel (Harper Torchbooks. $1.60)

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Point Counter Point, by Aldous Huxley (Avon. 75 cents)

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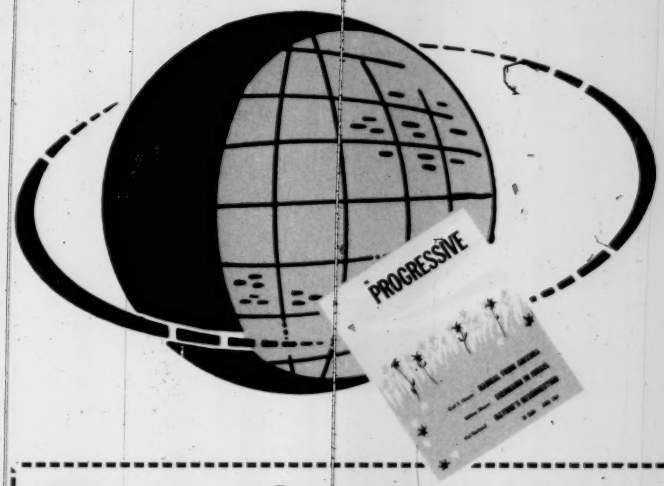

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